

PETE FEATHERTON.

BY JAMES HALL. 1834.

EVERY country has its superstitions, and will continue to have them, so long as men are blessed with lively imaginations, and while any portion of mankind remain ignorant of the causes of natural phenomena. That which cannot be reconciled with experience will always be attributed to supernatural influence; and those who know little, will imagine much more to exist than has ever been witnessed by their own senses. I am not displeased with this state of things, for the journey of life would be dull indeed, if those who travel it were confined for ever to the beaten highway, worn smooth by the sober feet of experience. To turnpikes, for our beasts of burden, I have no objection; but I cannot consent to the erection of railways for the mind, even though the architect be "wisdom, whose ways are pleasant, and whose paths are peace." It is sometimes agreeable to stray into the wilderness which fancy creates, to recline in fairy bowers, and to listen to the murmurs of imaginary fountains. When the beaten road becomes tiresome, there are many sunny spots where the pilgrim may loiter with advantage—many shady paths, whose labyrinths may be traced with delight. The mountain and the vale, on whose scenery we gaze enchanted, derive new charms, when their deep caverns and gloomy recesses are peopled with imaginary beings.

But above all, the enlivening influence of fancy is felt when it illumines our firesides, giving to the wings of time, when they grow heavy, a brighter plumage, and a more sprightly motion. There are seasons when the spark of life within us seems to burn with less than its wonted vigor; the blood crawls heavily through the veins; the contagious chilliness seizes on our companions, and the sluggish hours roll painfully along. Something more than a common impulse is then required to awaken the indolent mind, and give a new tone to the flagging spirits. If necromancy draws her magic circle, we cheerfully enter the ring; if folly shakes her cap and bells, we are amused; a witch becomes an interesting personage, and we are even agreeably surprised by the companionable qualities of a ghost.

If we have no ghosts, we are not without miracles. Wonders have happened in these United States. Mysteries have occurred in the Valley of the Mississippi. Supernatural events have transpired on the borders of "the beautiful stream;" and in order to rescue my country from undeserved reproach, I shall proceed to narrate an authentic history which I received from the lips of the party principally concerned.

A clear morning had succeeded a stormy night in December; the snow laid ankle-deep upon the ground, and glittered on the boughs, while the bracing air and the cheerful sunbeams invigorated the animal creation, and called forth the tenants of the forest from their warm lairs and hidden lurking-places.

The inmates of a small cabin on the margin of the Ohio were commencing with the sun the business of the day. A stout raw-boned forester plied his keen axe, and, lugging log after log, erected a pile on the ample hearth, sufficiently large to have rendered the last honors to the stateliest ox. A

female was paying her morning visit to the cow-yard, where a numerous herd of cattle claimed her attention. The plentiful breakfast followed; corn-bread, milk, and venison crowned the oaken board, while a tin coffee-pot of ample dimensions supplied the beverage which is seldom wanting at the morning repast of the substantial American farmer.

The breakfast over, Mr. Featherton reached down a long rifle from the rafters and commenced certain preparations, fraught with danger to the brute inhabitants of the forest. The lock was carefully examined, the screws tightened, the pan wiped, the flint renewed, and the springs oiled; and the keen eye of the backwoodsman glittered with an ominous lustre, as its glance rested on the destructive engine. His blue-eyed partner, leaning fondly on her husband's shoulder, essayed those coaxing and captivating blandishments, which every young wife so well understands, to detain her husband from the contemplated sport. Every pretext was urged with affectionate pertinacity which female ingenuity could supply;—the wind whistled bleakly over the hills, the snow lay deep in the valleys, the deer would surely not venture abroad in such bitter cold weather, the adventurous hunter might get his toes frost-bitten, and her own hours would be sadly lonesome in his absence. He smiled in silence at the arguments of his bride, for such she was, and continued his preparations with the cool, but good-natured determination of one who is not to be turned from his purpose.

He was indeed a person with whom such arguments, except the last, would not be very likely to prevail. Mr. Peter Featherton, or as he was familiarly called by all who knew him, Pete Featherton, was a bold, rattling Kentuckian of twenty-five, who possessed the characteristic peculiarities of his countrymen—good and evil—in a striking degree. His red hair and sanguine complexion announced an ardent temperament; his tall form and bony limbs indicated an active frame inured to hardships; his piercing eye and high cheek bones evinced the keenness and resolution of his mind. He was adventurous, frank, and social—boastful, credulous, illiterate, and at times wonderfully addicted to the marvellous. His imagination was a warm and fruitful soil, in which "tall oaks from little acorns grew," and his vocabulary was overstocked with superlatives. He loved his wife—no mistake about that—but next to her his affections entwined themselves about his gun, and expanded over his horse; he was true to his friends, never missed an election day, turned his back upon a frolic, nor affected to dislike a social glass.

When entirely "at himself"—to use his own language—that is to say, when duly sober, Pete was friendly and rational, courteous, and considerate, and a better tempered fellow never shouldered a rifle. But he was a social man, who was liable to be "overtaken," and let him get a glass too much, and there was no end to his extravagance. Then it was that his genius bloomed and brought forth strange boasts and strong oaths, his loyalty to old Kentucky waxed warm, and his faith in his horse, his gun, and his own manhood grew into idolatry. Always bold and self-satisfied, and ha-

bitually energetic in the expression of his predilections, he now became invested with the agreeable properties of the snapping-turtle, the alligator, and the steamboat, and gifted with the most affable and affectionate spirit of autobiography. It was now that he would dwell upon his own bodily powers and prowess, with the enthusiasm of a devotee; and as the climax of this rhetorical display, would slap his hands together, spring perpendicularly into the air, and after uttering a yell worthy of the stoutest Winnebago, swear that he was "the best man in the country," and "could whip his weight in wild cats," "no two ways about it"—he was "not afraid of no man, no way you could fix it;" and finally, after many other extravagancies, he would urge, with no gentle asseveration, his ability to "ride through a crab-apple orchard on a streak of lightning."

In addition to all this, which one would think was enough for any reasonable man, Pete would sometimes brag that he had the best gun, the prettiest wife, the best-looking sister, and the fastest nag in all Kentucky; and that no man dare say to the contrary. It is but justice to remark, that there was more truth in this last boast than is usually found on such occasions, and that Pete had good reason to be proud of his horse, his gun, and his lady-love.

These, however, were the happy moments which are few and far between; they were the brilliant inspirations playing like the lightning in an overheated atmosphere,—gleaming over the turbid stream of existence, as the meteor flashes through the gloom of the night. When the fit was off, Pete was a quiet, good-natured, listless soul, as one would see on a summer's day—strolling about with a grave aspect, a drawling and a deliberate gait, a stoop of the shoulders, and a kind of general relaxation of the whole outward and inward man—in a state of entire freedom from restraint, reflection, and want, and without any impulse strong enough to call forth his latent manhood—as the panther, with whom he often compared himself, when his

appetite for food is sated, sleeps calmly in his lair, or wanders harmlessly through his native thickets.

Our hero was a farmer, or as the very appropriate phrase is, "made a *crap*" on his own land—for besides making a crop he performed but few of the labors of the husbandman. While planting his corn, tending it, and gathering in the harvest, he worked with a good will; but these, thanks to a prolific soil and a free country, were all his toils, and they occupied not half of the year, the remainder of which was spent in the more manly and gentlemanly employments of hunting, attending elections, and officiating at horse-races. He was a rare hand at a "shucking," a house raising, or a log rolling; merry and strong, he worked like a young giant, and it was worth while to hear the gladsome tones of his clear voice, and the inspiring sound of his loud laugh; while the way he handled the axe, the beauty and keenness of the implement, the weight and precision of the blows, and the gracefulness of the action—were such as are not seen except in the wilderness, where chopping is an accomplishment as well as the most useful of labors.

It will readily be perceived that our hunter was not one who could be turned from his purpose by the prospect of danger or fatigue; and a few minutes sufficed to complete his preparations. His feet were cased in moccasins, and his legs in wrappers of dressed deerskin; and he was soon accoutred with a powder-horn, quaintly carved all over with curious devices,—an ample pouch with flints, patches, balls, and other "fixens"—and a hunter's knife,—and throwing "Brown Bess," for so he dealle his rifle, over his shoulder, he sallied forth.

But in passing a store hard by, which supplied the country with gunpowder, whiskey, and other necessities, as well as with the luxuries of tea, sugar, coffee, calico, calomel, and chandlery, he was hailed by one of the neighbors, who invited him to "light off and take something." Pete said he had "no occasion," but "rather than be nice," he dismounted and joined a festive circle, among whom the cup was circulating freely. Here he



was soon challenged to swap rifles, and being one of those who could not "stand a banter," he bantered back again without the least intention of parting with his favorite weapon. Making offers like a skilful diplomatist, which he knew would not be accepted, and feigning great eagerness to accede to any reasonable proposition, while inwardly resolved to reject all, he magnified the perfections of Brown Bess.

"She can do any thing but talk," said he. "If she had legs, she could hunt by herself. It is a pleasure to *toke* her—I naterally believe there is not a rifle south of Green river that can throw a ball so far, or so true. I can put a bullet in that tree, down the road, a mile off."

"You can't do it, Pete—I'll bet a treat for the whole company."

"No," said the hunter. "I could do it—but I don't want to strain my gun."

These discussions consumed much time and much whiskey—for the rule on such occasions is, that he who rejects an offer to trade must treat the company, and thus every point in the negotiation costs a pint of spirits.

At length, bidding adieu to his companions, Pete struck into the forest—it was getting late, and he "must look about pretty peart," he said, to get a venison before night. Lightly crushing the snow beneath his active feet, he beat up the coverts and traversed all the accustomed haunts of the deer. He mounted every hill and descended into every valley—not a thicket escaped the penetrating glance of his practised eye. Fruitless labor! not a deer was to be seen. Pete marvelled at this unusual circumstance, as the deer were very abundant in this neighborhood, and no one knew better where to look for them than himself.

But what surprised him still more, was, that the woods were less familiar to him than formerly. He knew them "like a book." He thought he was acquainted with every tree within ten miles of his cabin; but now, although he certainly had not wandered so far, some of the objects around him seemed strange, while others again were faintly recognized; and there was altogether, a singular confusion in the character of the scenery, which was partly familiar and partly new; or rather, in which many of the component parts were separately well known, but were so mixed up and changed in relation to each other, as to baffle even the knowledge of an expert woodsman.

The more he looked, the more he was bewildered. Had such a thing been possible, he would have thought himself a lost man. He came to a stream which had heretofore rolled to the west, but now its course pointed to the east; and the shadows of the tall trees, which, according to Pete's experience and philosophy, ought at noon to fall toward the north, all pointed to the south. He looked at his right and left hands, somewhat puzzled to know which was which; then scratched his head—but scratching the head, though a good thing in its way, will not always get a man out of a scrape. He cast his eye upon his own shadow, which had never deceived him—when lo! a still more extraordinary phenomenon presented itself. It was travelling round him like the shade on a dial—only a great deal faster, as it veered round to all the points of the compass in the course of a single minute. Mr. Peter Featherton was "in a bad fix."

It was very evident, too, from the dryness of the

snow and the brittleness of the twigs which snapped off as he brushed his way through the thickets, that the weather was intensely cold; yet the perspiration was rolling in large drops from his brow. He stopped at a clear spring, and thrusting his hands into the cold water, attempted to carry a portion to his lips; but the element recoiled and hissed, as if his hands and lips had been composed of red hot iron. Pete felt quite puzzled when he reflected on all these contradictions in the aspect of nature; and began to consider what act of wickedness he had been guilty of which could have rendered him so hateful, that the deer fled at his approach, the streams turned back, and the shadows fell the wrong way, or danced round their centre.

He began to grow alarmed, and would have liked to turn back, but was ashamed to betray such weakness, even to himself; and being naturally bold, he resolutely kept on his way. At last, to his great joy, he espied the tracks of deer imprinted on the snow; they were fresh signs—and, dashing upon the trail with the alacrity of a well-trained hound, he pursued in hopes of soon overtaking the game. Presently he discovered the tracks of a man who had struck the same trail in advance of him, and supposing it to be one of his neighbors, he quickened his pace, as well to gain a companion, which in the present state of his feelings he so much needed, as to share the spoil with his fellow-hunter. Indeed, in his present situation and condition of mind, Pete thought he would be willing to give half of what he was worth for the sight of a human face.

"I don't like the signs, no how," said he, casting a rapid glance around him; and then throwing his eyes downward at his own shadow, which had ceased its rotatory motion, and was now swinging backward and forward like a pendulum—"I don't like the signs, no way they can be fixed."

"You are not scared, are you, Pete?" he continued, smiling at the oddity of such a question.

"Oh no, bless your heart, Mr. Featherton, I'm not scared—I'm not of that breed of dogs—there's no back out in me—but then I must say—to speak sentimentally—that I feel sort o' jubus—I do so. But I'll soon see whether other people's shadows act the fool like mine."

Upon further observation, there appeared to be something peculiar in the human tracks before him, which were evidently made by a pair of feet which were not fellows—or were *odd fellows*—for one of them was larger than the other. As there was no person in the settlement who was thus deformed, Pete began to doubt whether it might not be the devil, who in borrowing shoes to conceal his cloven hoofs, might have got those that did not match. He stopped and scratched his head, as many a learned philosopher has done, when placed between the horns of a dilemma less perplexing than that which now vexed the spirit of our hunter. It was said long ago, that there is a tide in the affairs of men; and although our good friend Pete had never seen this sentiment in black and white, yet it is one of those truths which are written in the heart of every reasonable being, and was only copied by the poet from the great book of nature, a source from which he was a great borrower. It readily occurred to Pete on this occasion; and as he had enjoyed through life an uninterrupted tide of success, he reflected whether the stream of fortune might not have changed its course like the

brooks he had crossed, whose waters, for some sinister reason, seemed to be crawling up-hill.

He stopped, drew out his handkerchief, and wiped the perspiration from his brow. "This thing of being scared," said he, "makes a man feel mighty queer—the way it brings the sweat out is curious!" And again it occurred to him, that it was incumbent on him to see the end of the adventure, as otherwise he would show a want of that courage which he had been taught to consider as the chief of the cardinal virtues.

"I can't back out," said he, "I never was raised to it, no how; and if the devil's a mind to hunt in this range, he shan't have all the game."

Then, falling into the sentimental vein, as one naturally does from the heroic: "Here's this handkercher that my Polly hemmed for me, and marked the two first letters of my name on it—P. for Pete and F. for Featherton—would she do the like of that for a coward? Could I ever look in her pretty face again if I was mean enough to be scared? No—I'll go ahead—let what will come."

He soon overtook the person in advance of him, who, as he had suspected, was a perfect stranger.

passing his hand across his brow, as he spoke, and sweeping off the heavy drops of perspiration that hung there. But receiving no answer, he began to get nettled. He thought himself not civilly treated. His native assurance, which had been damped by the mysterious deportment of the person who sat before him, revived. "One man's as good as another"—thought he; and screwing up his courage to the sticking point, he arose, approached the silent man, and slapping him on the back, exclaimed—

"Well, stranger! don't the sun look mighty droll away out there in the north?"

As the heavy hand fell on his shoulder, the stranger slowly turned his face towards Pete, who recoiled several paces,—then rising without paying the abashed hunter any further attention, he began to pursue the trail of the deer. Pete prepared to follow, when the other, turning upon him with a stern glance, inquired:

"Who are you tracking?"

"Not you," replied the hunter, whose alarm had subsided when the enemy began to retreat; and whose pride, piqued by the abruptness with which



He had halted and was quietly seated on a log, gazing at the sun, when our hunter approached and saluted him with the usual hearty, "How are you, stranger?" The person addressed made no reply, but continued to gaze at the sun, as if totally unconscious that any other individual was present. He was a small, thin old man, with a grey beard of about a month's growth, and a long sallow melancholy visage; while a tarnished suit of snuff-colored clothes, cut after the quaint fashion of some religious sect, hung loosely about his shrivelled person.

Our bold backwoodsman, somewhat awed, now coughed, threw the butt end of his gun heavily upon the frozen ground, and, still failing to elicit any attention, quietly seated himself on the other end of the log occupied by the stranger. Both remained silent for some minutes—Pete with open mouth and glaring eyeballs, observing his companion with mute astonishment, and the latter looking at the sun.

"It's a warm day, this," said Pete, at length,

he had been treated, enabled him to assume his usual boldness of manner.

"Why do you follow this trail, then?"

"I trail deer."

"You must not pursue them further, they are mine!"

The sound of the stranger's voice broke the spell which had hung over Peter's natural impudence, and he now shouted—

"Your deer! that's droll, too! who ever heard of a man claiming the deer in the woods!"

"Provoke me not—I tell you they are mine."

"Well, now—you're a comical chap! Why stranger,—the deer are wild! They're jist nat'ral to the woods here, the same as the timber. You might as well say the wolves and the painters are yours, and all the rest of the wild varnments."

"The tracks you behold here are those of wild deer, undoubtedly—but they are mine. I routed them from their bed, and am driving them home."

"Home—where is your home?" inquired Pete, at the same time casting an inquisitive glance at the stranger's feet.

To this home question, no reply was given, and Pete, fancying that he had got the best of the altercation, pushed his advantage,—adding sneeringly—

"Couldn't you take a pack or two of wolves along? We can spare you a small gang. It is mighty wolfy about here."

"If you follow any further, it is at your peril," said the stranger.

"You don't reckon I'm to be skeered, do you? If you do, you are barking up the wrong tree. There's no back out in none of my breed, no how. You musn't come over them words again, stranger."

"I repeat——"

"You had best not repeat—I allow no man to do that to me"—interrupted the irritated woodsman. "You must not imitate the like of that. I'm Virginny born, and Kentucky raised, and drot my skin, if I take the like of that from any man—no, sir!"

"Desist, rash man, from altercation—I despise your threats!"

"The same to you, sir!"

"I tell you what, stranger!" continued Pete, endeavoring to imitate the coolness of the other, "as to the vally of a deer or two—I don't vally them to the tantamout of this here cud of tobacco; but I'm not to be backed out of my tracks. So keep off, stranger—don't come fooling about me. I might hurt you. I feel mighty wolfy about the head and shoulders. Keep off, I say, or you might run agin a snag."

With this, the hunter "squared himself, and sot his triggers," fully determined either to hunt the disputed game, or be vanquished in combat. To his surprise, the stranger, without appearing to notice his preparations, advanced, and blew with his breath upon his rifle.

"Your gun is charmed!" said he. "From this day forward, you will kill no deer."

So saying, that mysterious old man, with the most provoking coolness, resumed his way; while Pete remained bewildered; and fancied that he smelt brimstone.

Pete Featherton remained a moment or two lost in confusion. He then thought he would pursue the stranger, and punish him as well for his threats as for the insult intended to his gun; but a little reflection induced him to change his decision. The confident manner in which that singular being had spoken, together with a kind of vague assurance in his own mind that the spell had really taken effect, so unmanned and stupefied him, that he quietly "took the back track" and strode homeward. He had not gone far, when he saw a fine buck half-concealed among the hazel bushes which beset his path; and resolved to know at once how matters stood between Brown Bess and the pretended conjurer, he took a deliberate aim, fired,—and away bounded the buck unharmed!

With a heavy heart, our mortified forester re-entered his own dwelling, and replaced his degraded weapon in its accustomed berth under the rafters.

"You have been long gone," said his wife, "but where is the venison you promised me?"

Pete was constrained to confess that he had shot nothing.

"That is strange!" said the lady, "I never knew you fail before."

Pete framed twenty excuses. He had felt unwell—his gun was out of fix—it was a bad day for hunting—the moon was not in the right place—and there was no deer stirring.

Had not Pete been a very young husband, he would have known that the vigilant eye of a wife is not to be deceived by feigned apologies. Female curiosity never sleeps; and the love of a devoted wife is the most sincere and most absorbing of human passions. Pretty Mrs. Featherton saw at a glance that something had happened to her helpmate, more than he was willing to confess; and being quite as tenacious as himself, in her reluctance against being "backed out of her tracks," she determined to bring her inferior moiety into auricular confession, and advanced firmly to her object, until Pete was compelled to own, "That he believed Brown Bess was, somehow—sort o'—charmed."

"Now, Mr. Featherton!" remonstrated his sprightly bride, leaning fondly on his shoulder and parting the long red locks on his forehead—"are you not ashamed to tell me such a tale as that? Charmed indeed! Ah, well, I know how it is. You have been down at the store shooting for half pints!"

"No, indeed—" replied the husband emphatically, "I wish I may be kissed to death if I've pulled a trigger for a drop of liquor this day."

Ah, Peter—what a sad evasion was that! Surely the adversary when he blew his breath—sadly sulphurous of smell—upon thy favorite gun, breathed into thee the spirit of lying, of which he is the father. Mrs. Featherton saw further into a millstone than he was aware of—but she kept her own counsel.

"I believe you, Peter,—you did not *shoot* for it—but do now—that's a dear good soul!—tell me where you have been, and what has happened? You are not well—or something is wrong—for never did Pete Featherton and Brown Bess fail to get a venison any day in the year."

Soothed by this well-timed compliment, and not unwilling to have the aid of counsel in this trying emergency, and to apply to his excited spirit the balm of conjugal sympathy, Pete narrated minutely to his wife all the particulars of his meeting with the mysterious stranger. The lady was all attention; but was as much wonder-struck as Pete himself. She had heard of spells being cast upon guns, and so had Peter—often—but then neither of them had ever known such a case in their own experience; and although she had recipes for pickling fruit, and preserving life, and preventing various maladies, she knew of no remedy which would remove the spell from a rifle. As she could give no sage advice, she prescribed sage tea, bathing the feet, and going to bed, and Pete submitted passively to all this—not perceiving, however, how it could possibly affect his gun.

When Pete awoke the next morning, the events which we have described appeared to him as a dream; indeed, he had been dreaming of them all night, and it was somewhat difficult to unravel the tangled thread of recollection, so as to separate the realities of the day from the illusions of the pillow. But resolving to know the truth, he seized his gun and hastened to the woods. Alas! every experiment produced the same vexatious result. The gun was charmed! "No two ways about that!" It was too true to make a joke of; and the hunter stalked harmlessly through the forest.

Day after day he went forth, and returned with

no better success. The very deer became sensible of his inoffensiveness, and would raise their heads and gaze mildly at him as he passed; or throw back their antlers and bound carelessly across his path. Day after day and week after week passed without bringing any change; and Pete began to feel very ridiculously. A harmless man—a fellow with a gun that could not shoot! he could imagine no situation more miserable than his own. To walk through the woods, to see the game, to come within gun-shot of it, and yet to be unable to kill a deer, seemed to be the height of human wretchedness. He felt as if he was "the meanest kind of a white man." There was a littleness, an insignificance attached to the idea of not being able to kill a deer, which, to Pete's mind, was downright disgrace. More than once he was tempted to throw the gun into the river; but the excellence of the weapon, and the recollection of former exploits restrained him; and he continued to stroll through the woods, firing now and then at a fat buck, under the hope that the charm would expire some time or other by its own limitation; but the fat bucks continued to treat him with a familiarity amounting to contempt, and to frisk fearlessly in his path.

At length, Pete bethought him of a celebrated Indian doctor, who lived at no great distance. We do not care to say much of doctors, as they are a touchy race—and shall therefore touch upon this one briefly. An Indian doctor is not necessarily a descendant of the Aborigines. The title, it is true, originates from the confidence which many of our countrymen repose in the medical skill of the Indian tribes. But to make an Indian doctor, a red skin is by no means indispensable. To have been taught by a savage, to have seen one, or, at all events, to have heard of one, is all that is necessary to enable any individual to practise this lucrative and popular branch of the healing art. Neither is any great proficiency in literature requisite; it is important only to be expert in spelling. Your Indian doctor is one who practises without a diploma—the only degree he exhibits is a high

degree of confidence. He neither nauseates the stomach with odious drugs, nor mars the fair proportions of nature with a sanguinary lancet. He believes in the sympathy which is supposed to exist between the body and the mind, which, like the two arms of a syphon, always preserve a corresponding relation to each other; and the difference between him and the regular physician—called in the vernacular of the frontier the mercury doctor—is that they operate at different points of the same figure—the one practising on the immaterial spirit, while the other grapples with the bones and muscles. I cannot determine which is right; but must award to the Indian doctor at least this advantage, that his art is the most widely beneficial; for while your doctor of medicine restores a lost appetite, his rival can, in addition, recover a strayed or stolen horse. If the former can bring back the faded lustre to a fair maiden's cheeks, the latter can remove the spell from a churn or a rifle. The dyspeptic and the dropsical may hie to the disciples of Rush and Wistar, but the crossed-in-love and lackadaisical find a charm in the practitioner who professes to follow nature.

To a sage of this order did Pete disclose his misfortune, and apply for relief. The doctor examined the gun and looked wise; and having measured the calibre of the bore with a solemnity which was as imposing as it was unquestionably proper on so serious an occasion, directed the applicant to come again.

At the appointed time, the hunter returned and received from the wise man two balls, one of pink, the other of a silver hue. The doctor instructed him to load his piece with one of these bullets, which he pointed out, and proceed through the woods to a certain secluded hollow, at the head of which was a spring. Here he would see a white fawn, at which he was to shoot. It would be wounded, but would escape, and he was to pursue its trail until he found a buck, which he was to kill with the other ball. If he accomplished all this accurately, the charm would be broken; but success





would depend upon his having faith, keeping up his courage, and firing with precision.

Pete, who was well acquainted with all the localities, carefully pursued the route which had been indicated, treading lightly along, sometimes elated with the prospect of speedily breaking the spell, and restoring his beloved gun to usefulness and respectability—sometimes doubting the skill of the doctor—admiring the occult knowledge of men who could charm and uncharm deadly weapons—and ashamed alternatively of his doubts and his belief. At length, he reached the lonely glen; and his heart bounded with delight as he beheld the white fawn quietly grazing by the fountain. The ground was open, and he was unable to get within his usual distance before the fawn raised her delicate head, looked timidly around, and snuffed the breeze, as if conscious of the approach of danger. Pete trembled with excitement—his heart palpitated. It was a long shot and a bad chance—but he could not advance a step further without danger of starting the game—and Brown Bess could carry a ball further than that with fatal effect.

"Luck's a lord," said he, as he drew the gun up to his face, took a deliberate aim and pulled the

trigger. The fawn bounded aloft at the report, and then darted away through the brush, while the hunter hastened to examine the signs. To his great joy he found the blood profusely scattered; and now flushed with the confidence of success, he stoutly rammed down the other ball, and pursued the trail of the wounded fawn. Long did he trace the crimson drops upon the snow without beholding the promised victim. Hill after hill he climbed, vale after vale he passed—searching every thicket with penetrating eyes; and he was about to renounce the chase, the wizard, and the gun, when lo!—directly in his path stood a noble buck, with numerous antlers branching over his fine head!

"Aha! my jolly fellow! I've found you at last!" exclaimed the delighted hunter, "you are the very chap I've been looking after. Your blood shall wipe off the disgrace from my charming Bess, that never hung fire, burned priming, nor missed the mark in her born days, till that vile abominable varment blowed his brimstone breath on her! Here goes—"

He shot the buck. The spell was broken—Brown Bess was restored to favor, and Pete Featherston never again wanted venison.

## A NIGHT OF PERIL.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE. 1834.

Is it the moody owl that shrieks?  
Or is that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,  
The voice of the demon that haunts the stream?

The thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear, and with good reason; that passion alone, in the trouble of it, breeding all other accidents.—MONTAIGNE.

IX the autumn of 18—, I journeyed, for the first time, into the western part of the State of New York. Embarking upon the Erie Canal at Utica, the middle section of that great work having just been completed, I continued thereon to its western termination at Montezuma. This place has since increased to a village, respectable for its size and importance. At the period of which I am now speaking, it was quite small, and the houses scattered and irregular. It stood upon the margin of the Seneca Outlet, not far below the estuary of the Canandaigua Creek, a deep, sluggish stream, winding its way by a current so slow as to be nearly imperceptible, through the wide track of sunken lands known as the Cayuga marshes. Several salt springs issue from the earth at Montezuma; and the inhabitants of the village then consisted principally of persons engaged in the manufacture of that article of prime necessity, or salt-boilers,—as the operatives in the work of evaporation and crystallization are called. They were as rough-looking specimens of humanity as one would desire to see at any time of day. I had, years before, heard unfavorable, and probably, exaggerated reports respecting these people, particularly those connected with the more extensive manufactories at the great Salt Lick of Onondaga; and having then recently been compelled to pass a very uncomfortable night at Salina among these rude fellows, with black beards, profane tongues, matted hair, and bushy eyebrows, I did not care to have more of their acquaintance. The country was new, and the deep forests had not yet far retreated from the village.

It was late in October, about noon of a clear cold day, when the canal packet reached this said village of Montezuma; and the next stage I wished to make was to Lyons, sixteen miles. My business required my presence at that place on the following morning. But, much to my annoyance, the road across the marshes was pronounced utterly impassable! To go round them, by the way of the Cayuga bridge and Geneva, would occupy the whole of another day, and probably defeat the purpose of my journey. I stated my case, and was advised to charter a rowboat with a couple of oarsmen, and proceed by water to the blockhouse, as the site of the present village of Clyde was then called. The distance was only eight miles in a direct line, and but fifteen to follow the devious course of the Canandaigua Creek or outlet, large enough at this place to deserve the name of river. From the blockhouse to Lyons the road was reported good; and I was assured that, by selecting this route, I should be able to reach the former place before sunset, and Lyons early in the evening. I adopted this arrangement; and my fellow-passengers took their departure in the coaches, leaving me with the dark-looking saltboilers. My first business was to search about for the boat and oarsmen, which I had been assured, at the little tavern, could be procured in five minutes. The landlord himself volunteered to go upon the errand. He was a sullen-looking fellow, thick skinned, and his complexion colorless. His eyes were light blue and restless. His thick matted hair had long been a stranger to the comb, and his conduct was marked by a phlegmatic demeanor, and an immobility of countenance which I

did not like. There were treachery and suspicion in his looks. His wife, moreover, with a shrill, harsh voice, had made herself rather officious in producing my determination to suffer the coach to depart without me; and the lines of avarice were deeply furrowed in her skinny features. Mine host was gone a long time, I grew impatient and followed him. It appeared that the boat was a mile off, and must be sent for. It came at last; and it was then discovered that one of the boatmen was absent, and a substitute must be provided. It was now past two o'clock, and I was compelled to order some refreshment. A miserable dinner having been despatched, of which every thing was sour but the pickles, I thought, by this time surely, I could take my departure. But not so: one of the oars had been broken by the boys, and a new one must be fitted to the boat. Here, then, was employment for another hour. I became still more impatient and restless. The sun was now sinking rapidly into the western horizon, and I as far from the blockhouse as at noon. The boatmen came; but



they were not the comeliest of the human family. The one who belonged to the boat was of small stature, a low, retreating forehead, with large projecting eyes of a light gray. The new recruit, however, was a large Patagonian-looking fellow, with deep sunken coal-black eyes, lank hair hanging in coarse knots and flakes upon his shoulders, with dark, shaggy whiskers, extending entirely round beneath his chin, and a determined daredevil look. I was well dressed, with handsome travelling luggage, a valuable gold watch, and elegant trimmings to correspond. These trappings I had heedlessly disclosed to them, while anxiously eyeing the sun, and vexatiously counting the hours and minutes upon the dial of my beautiful chronometer. I now began to convince myself that I had observed some sly and significant glances at my luggage, and other inviting appendages. It was evident that every pretext for delay had been resorted to; and I began heartily to wish myself in

the post-coach, on the roundabout way by Geneva and Robin Hood's barn. But it was too late; no means of land conveyance were left: I had made my election, and must abide the issue. It really seemed as though the boat would never be prepared to depart. And even if it should be in readiness before evening, I began to question the prudence of the night voyage, under such circumstances and with such companions. But to remain in that place, and among such people, was as dangerous as to depart. My business being urgent, I at length resolved to proceed. Finally, all matters having been arranged, I embarked just before the sun disappeared in the west. The boat skimmed lightly over the smooth waters, and we rapidly ascended the stream. Before we had proceeded a mile, however, the last mellow tints of the sun, which had gilded the tree-tops with blooming gold, disappeared, and the stars began to be reflected from the bright waters, sparkling yet more brilliantly as the gray twilight deepened into night. Having rowed about two miles, our course suddenly changed several points to the west, as we entered the deep, narrow channel of Canandaigua outlet, and plunged into a dark and dreary forest, "the nodding horrors of whose shady branches seemed brooding with peril." It was one of the most thickly set wildernesses I had ever seen. The older trees were of a lofty and gigantic stature, and the brushwood thick and deep tangled. Added to this, the high rank grass of the marshes clothed the margin of the river so densely, that, even in the day-time, it would have been impossible, while in the boat, to have discerned an object at the distance of five feet from the stream. The river was very narrow, and its course crooked as the serpent's track. Overhead, the thick wide-spreading arms of the trees, from either side, interlocked, and soon excluded all light, save that which at intervals gleamed through an occasional aperture of the "innumerable branches," rendering the palpable darkness more visible. We had proceeded thus far in silence, the men plying very leisurely at their oars; while muffled in my cloak, I sat passively in the stern of the boat. The darkness was like that of a dungeon; the air was dank and the gloom oppressive. Not a sound fell upon the ear save the light plash of the oars, the hollow murmuring of the wind through the lofty branches of the trees, and the occasional rustling of the grass, now partially crisped and withered by the autumnal frosts. My thoughts were dwelling upon the delays and other events of the afternoon, and strange fancies shot through my brain. There seemed no end to those horrid shades; and it was evident that the bandit-looking landlord had urged me to adopt this route from some sinister motive. It was likewise evident that no effort had been made to facilitate my departure. A number of circumstances, then unnoticed, but now vivid in the recollection, rendered it equally clear that close and searching observations had been made of my luggage and attire. Whence these delays, these significant looks, these searching glances? And more than all, why had the boatmen pulled so slowly since our departure? The inference was irresistible, that they did not wish to pass through the forest during the night. Why, then, should they have brought me into it at such a late and unseemly hour? Around and above, it was as dark as Erebus. Cold chills ever and anon crept over me, as these reflections



passed hurriedly through my troubled brain, and a clammy sweat stood upon my brow. I tried to rally my spirits, and converse with my companions. But I could find little to say, and provoked still less in reply, and not a word from him of the black glittering eye. Occasionally they talked a little to each other in an undertone. This half-whispering made me still more suspicious; and I started at every rustling of the grass, or movement of the sere leaves, or crackling of a stick beneath the tread of some light-footed inhabitant of the forest. Once, an owl hooted dismally over our heads. This was an evil omen. The stoutest heart will sometimes flutter for an instant at the startling scream of the bird of night, while the whoop of the Indian, or the howl of the wolf would pass in a measure unheeded. There was a heavy hammer of iron which, on entering the boat, I had observed lying about four feet from me. I wished now to secure this instrument, to be used in case of an emergency; and by rising as if to readjust the folds of my cloak, and half falling forward, I managed to obtain it and recover my seat, without, as I supposed, creating any suspicion of my design. I grasped it with a firm hand. Again these sons of Charon consulted together, in the same low voice as before. The forest grew deeper and thicker, the air more black and substantial, and the stream wound its serpentine course along, seemingly without end. Hours passed away, and the same lazy, gentle plash, plash of the oars continued, as though those who held them cared not to advance. By-and-by, a little opening through the dense leafy canopy above afforded star-light enough to disclose a jam of drift-wood, through which it was difficult to make our way. And here, once more, my strange navigators rested upon their oars, and held another brief consultation. I whistled with affected unconcern, grasped the hammer more tightly, and then tried to hum a song. But it was in vain. The heavy load upon my spirits increased to a painful degree. Again the forest thickened, and we were plunged once more into darkest night. Now, all at once, the boat stopped still, and the boatmen drew up their oars. What an awful stillness was that! The oarsmen were again in conversation, but I could not distinguish their words. My heart rose into my throat. The boat, apparently lay in a

little cove. "Could there," thought I, "be a more fitting place on the face of the whole earth for a deed without a name!" They seemed to be taking something from beneath their coats, and I saw or I thought I saw, the bright glance of a blade of steel, while my blood was curdling in cold icy streams through my veins. \* \* \* I clenched the hammer with a firmer grasp. \* \* \* "Wretches!" thought I, no longer doubting their foul purposes, "your scheme was well concerted; but my life shall be sold at the dearest rate." \* \* \* One of them half rose upon his feet, fumbling at the same time for something in his pocket. \* \* \* "Now," methought, "the dreadful moment has arrived." \* \* \* I drew a long breath, and braced my feet against the ribs of the boat, that I might not easily be thrown overboard. \* \* \* "Mister—ahem," said he of the dark piercing eye, as he was apparently beginning to advance. \* \* \* I partly rose also to meet him with the greater force. \* \* \* "I say, Mister," he repeated, raising and slowly extending his right arm—I almost heard him cock the pistol. \* \* \* But he continued, "It's a rare and chilly night this, I call it; the marshes is damp, and fever-ague-ish-like: we have a long splice of three or four miles to go yet; and so, Mister, won't you take a drop of whiskey, by word of mouth, out of this here bottle here? Not but what we 'spose you'd like a little old Jameeky speritts better. Be sure the nose of the plagucy bottle's broke a leetle; but, howsomever, that won't make the whiskey tast' no worse, I reckon." \* \* \* The hammer dropped from my hand as softly as I could let it down; and had Pelion and Ossa, all the giants, and the nightmare to boot, been pressing upon me at once, their sudden removal would not have brought greater relief. I took the bottle, and quaffed the most grateful draught I had ever swallowed. The boat then moved on, with accelerated progress. We at length emerged from the blind snares of the leafy labyrinth, through which we had so long been groping. The moon soon afterwards arose, though "in clouded majesty;" but before we had left the forest half a mile astern, she

Unveiled her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

## A TRUE STORY.

On the plain of New Jersey, one hot summer's day,  
Two Englishmen, snug in a stage-coach, were  
vap'ring;

A Yankee, who happen'd to travel that way,  
Took a seat alongside, and sat wond'ring and  
gaping.

Chockfull of importance (like every true Briton,  
Who knows British stars far outshine our poor  
Luna),

These cockneys found nothing their optics could  
bit on,

But what was insipid or miserably puny.

Compared with the English, our horses were colts,  
Our oxen were goats, and a sheep but a lamb;

And the people! (poor blockheads), such pitiful  
dolts!,  
Mere Hottentot children, contrasted with them!

Just then, a black cloud in the west was ascending;  
The lightning flash'd frequent, with horrible glare;  
When near and more near, a fierce tempest por-  
tending,  
The thunder rebellowed along the rent air.

An oak by the way side, Jove's bolt made a dash on,  
With a peal that knock'd horses and cockneys all  
flat;

"There hang you!" cries Jonathan, quite in a pas-  
sion,  
"Have you got better *thunder* in England than  
that?"

## TWO YARDS OF JACONET; OR, A HUSBAND.

BY JAMES GORDON BENNETT. 1834.

"I wish," said Mary Ann, "I had two yards of jaconet. I want very much to complete this dress for the next birth-day at Richmond. I want, beside, a pretty large length of pea-green ribbon. I want a feather, a white feather, to my last bonnet. I want—"

"Well, my dear," said Louisa, her companion, "well, my dear, it seems you have wants enough. Pray how many more things do you want besides?"

"More!" returned Mary Ann; "why, a hundred more, to be sure," said she, laughing; "but I'll name them all in one—I want a husband—a real, downright husband."

"Indeed!" said Louisa; "this is the first time I ever heard you talk of such an article. Can't you select out one among your many admirers?"

"A fig for my admirers! I'm tired—I'm sick—I'm disgusted with my admirers. One comes and makes silly compliments; says, 'Miss B—, how pretty you look to-day;' another sickens me with his silly looks: another is so desperately in love with me that he can't talk; another, so desperately in love with himself, that he talks for ever. Oh! I wish I were married; I wish I had a husband; or at least, two yards of jaconet, to finish this dress for the Richmond campaign."

Mary Ann B— was a gay, young, rattling creature, who had lost her father and part of her heart at fourteen. She was now seventeen; possessed a fine figure, rather *embonpoint*; not tall, but very gracefully rounded off. Her profuse auburn ringlets clustered negligently round a pair of cheeks, in which the pure red and white mingled so delicately, that where the one began or the other ended, no one could tell. Her eyes were dark-blue, but possessing a lustre when lighted up with feeling or enthusiasm, which defied any one to distinguish them from burning black. Her motions were light, airy, and graceful. Her foot and ankle were most delicately formed; and her two small white hands, with soft, tapering fingers, were as aristocratic as could be imagined by a Byron or an Ali Pacha. Since the death of her father, which was a period of about two years or more, she had had many admirers, several decided offers, and not a few who hoped, but durst not venture upon the fatal question. She laughed at their offers, ridiculed her admirers, and protested she would never marry till she had brought at least a hundred to her feet. For several counties around, up and down James' river, she was quite a toast among the young planters.

In those days the White Sulphur, Blue Sulphur, and Hot Sulphur Springs were not much frequented; but people of fashion in lower Virginia, the wealthy planters, were just beginning to escape to the Blue Mountains during the autumnal months. In one of these excursions, the party of which Mary Ann made a lively member, was overtaken one afternoon in a sudden rain storm, at the entrance of one of the gorges of the mountains. The party was travelling in an open carriage, with a sort of top resembling that of a gig, to spread out when a shower broke over them with sudden violence. On the present occasion, the leather top afforded to the ladies a very inadequate shelter from the torrents which fell down from the dark heavy clouds above.

The first house they approached was therefore kindly welcomed. They dismounted, went in, and found several young gentlemen surrounding the hickory fire, which was crackling merrily on a large wide hearth.

A young man, of rather modest, easy, but unobtrusive manners, rose at the approach of Mary Ann, and offered her his chair. She accepted it, with a slight inclination of the head, and a quiet glance at his general appearance. Nothing remarkable took place at this interview; but a few days after, when they had all reached the foot of one of the mountains, which was appropriated as the place of gaiety and fashion, the young gentleman was formally introduced to Mary Ann, as Mr. C—, from Williamsburg, in Lower Virginia. In a very short period he became the devoted admirer of Mary Ann—was extremely and delicately attentive—and, of course, gave rise to many surmises among the match-makers and match-breakers of the springs. At the close of the season, he put forth his pretensions in form. He offered himself formally to Mary Ann. As usual, she spent a whole night in thinking, deliberating, grieving, wondering, and next morning sent him a flat refusal.

So this affair, which is a specimen of about thirty or forty she had managed in this way, was considered closed beyond all hopes of revival. The parties never again met, till the moment we have now reached threw them accidentally into each other's company.

Since the period just referred to, Mary Ann had considerably altered in her feelings and her views. She had pursued her game of catching admirers—of leading them on to declare themselves—and of then rejecting, with tears and regrets in abundance, till she and the whole world of young men became mutually disgusted with each other. Yet she had many excellent qualities—was a fast and enduring friend—knew, as well as any one, the folly of her course of life; but her ambition, her love of conquest, her pride of talent, her desire of winning away the admirers of her female rivals, entirely clouded and obscured her more amiable qualities of mind and heart.

"How long have you been in Williamsburg, Mary Ann?" asked her *chère amie*.

"Only three days, and I have only picked up three beaux. What a dull place this is. It is called the 'classic shades'—the 'academic groves of the Old Dominion,' and all that sort of thing. One of the professors entertained me a good two hours the other evening with the loves of Dido and Æneas. I wish I had a couple of yards of jaconet."

"Or a husband —"

"Or a husband either, I don't care which; come, my love, let's go a shopping in this classic town."

The two ladies immediately rose; it was about noon-day, put on their bonnets, took their parasols, and sallied forth.

"For a husband or jaconet, you say."

"Two yards of jaconet, or a husband."

The town of Williamsburg, like every other little town in Virginia, or even New York, does not contain many stores. A shopping expedition is therefore soon completed. The two ladies sauntered

into this shop, then into that, sometimes making the poor fellow of a shopkeeper turn out his whole stock in trade, and rewarding his pains by the purchase of a sixpenny worth of tape. They had proceeded for an hour in this lounging, lazy style, when Louisa said, "Oh, Mary Ann, here is an old beau of yours in that store, with the red gingham flapping at the door like a pirate's flag: come, let us go and plague him for 'auld lang syne,' as Mrs. McDonald, the Scotch lady of Norfolk, says."

"Certainly," said Mary Ann; "but which of my old admirers is it?"

"Have you got your list in your pocket?"

"Not at all; I left it at my grandmother's at Richmond; what a pity!"

The two wild creatures, bounding like a couple of fawns over the forest glade, for they were reckless of the public opinion among the old dowagers and staid maidens of Williamsburg, entered the store, and asked for a sight of gloves, muslins, and ribbons. Mary Ann did not seem to pay much attention to the fine articles shown her. She ever and anon cast her eyes by stealth round and round the store, endeavoring to discover if she recognized any of the faces, as that of an old acquaintance. She could see nothing to repay the effort. Not a face had she ever seen before. She summoned up to her recollection all her former admirers—they passed through her mind like the ghosts in Macbeth; for, notwithstanding her rejection of so many lovers, she ever retained a certain portion of regard for every poor fellow who had fallen a victim to her whim, beauty, witchery, and caprice.

"This is an Arabian desert," said Mary Ann, sighing to Louisa, as she split a pair of kid gloves in endeavoring to draw them on.

"Oh, no!" said a gay young shopman, "indeed Miss, they are the best French kid."

"Pray," said Louisa, in a low tone, "don't you see any thing in the back room of the store?"

In a remote corner of the store, there stood at the desk a plainly dressed gentleman, leaning over the corner of a wooden railing, with his eyes firmly fixed upon the two ladies, now so actively engaged in tossing over the counter all sorts of merchandise and light French goods.

"As I live," said Mary Ann, "there is my old Blue Ridge beau. Oh, how wet I was," whispered she, "drenched with a summer shower, when first I was thrown into his society. I believed the poor fellow loved me sincerely. Come, let us spend upon him at least ten dollars in jaconet; he spent one hundred upon me in balls, dancing, colds, cough-drops, and drives, and got nothing for his pains but a neat *billet doux*, declining his poor heart and soft hand. Poor fellow!"

With this sally, the ladies bought several articles, scarcely caring whether they suited them or not. When they left the store, Mary Ann fell into a reverie, was quite silent, which was for her unusual and singular. Louisa's spirits, on the contrary, gathered life and energy as those of her companion sink away. She talked, she laughed, she ridiculed her beaux, she rallied Mary Ann, and looking into her for-once melancholy face, said, "So, my love, you are caught at last."

"Caught!" said Mary Ann, "indeed you are much mistaken. I do not think—that is to say, I fancy I should not like to marry my Blue Ridge beau. Oh! Louisa," said she, after a pause, with a tear in her eye, "what a foolish creature I have

been. Mr. Collingwood, for that is his name, I am sure, quite sure, does not think of me; but I cannot remember the attentions he once paid me, without a feeling of regret."

"Why now, what's the matter with you? After refusing so many, are you going to throw yourself away upon a shopkeeper? A descendant of one of the most ancient families in Virginia to marry a shopkeeper!"

"Alas! alas! Louisa, what is descent? What is fashion? What is all the life I have led? Do you see that little white house, with green venetian blinds, across the street? I was one evening in that house. I saw enough to satisfy me that I have been pursuing pleasure, not happiness. Oh! if I could only feel as that young wife does!"

"You laugh—I am sure I do not think of Mr. Collingwood—but there was a time when his soft, quiet, affectionate manner did touch me most sensitively."

"Have you got the gloves you bought?" asked Louisa.

Mary Ann looked. She had forgotten them on the counter, or lost them.

"We must return then," said Louisa.

"Never," said Mary Ann. "I never dare look at him. I am sure he despises me. Oh! if he only knew what I feel—what pangs pass through this heart, I am sure he would not—"

"Come, come," said Louisa, "we must return and get the gloves."

"Never."

"Oh! the jaconet or a husband, most assuredly; you remember your resolution when we set out?"

Mary Ann smiled, while her eye glistened with a tear. They returned home, however, and sent Cato, the colored servant, for the articles which they had forgotten.

After this adventure, it was observed that a visible change came over the manners and spirits of Mary Ann. Her gay, brilliant sallies of wit and ridicule were moderated amazingly. She became quite pensive; singularly thoughtful for a girl of her unusual flow of spirits. When Louisa rallied her on the shopping excursion, she replied, "Indeed, Louisa, I do not think I could marry Mr. Collingwood; besides, he has forgotten every feeling he may have entertained towards me."

In a few days after this event, a party was given one evening at a neighboring house. The family in which Mary Ann resided, were all invited. The moment of re-union approached, and Mary Ann, dressed with great elegance, but far less splendor than usual, found herself at the head of a cotillion, surrounded by several young gentlemen, students of William and Mary, professors, planters, and merchants. They were pressing forward in every direction, talking and catching a word or a look from so celebrated a belle. Mary Ann, however, did not appear to enjoy the group that surrounded her. She was shooting her dark-blue eyes easily and negligently towards the entrance, as every new face came forward to see all the party. The music struck up, and rallying her attention, she immediately stepped off on a *dos-a-dos*, with that elegance and grace for which she was so particularly remarkable. At the close, as she stood up beside her partner, throwing a beautiful auburn ringlet back upon her white round neck, her eye caught with sudden emotion a quiet, genteel-looking person, at the other end of the room. It was Mr. Collingwood. She



immediately dropped her eyes to the floor, and looked very narrowly at her left foot, as she moved it on the toe backward and forward, as it were for want of thought or to divert her thoughts. In a few moments, she looked up in the same direction. Mr. Collingwood still stood in the same position, watching every motion she made and every look she cast around her. She blushed, felt embarrassed, and went altogether wrong in the cotillion.

"What in the world are you thinking of?" asked Louisa.

"I scarcely know myself," said Mary Ann. In a few seconds, the cotillion was brought to a close, and Mary Ann's partner escorted her to a seat. Mr. Collingwood approached through the crowd, and stood before her.

"How is Miss —?" asked Mr. Collingwood, with suppressed emotion.

Mary Ann muttered out a few words in reply. She dropped her glove. Mr. Collingwood picked it up.

"This is not the first time you have lost a glove," said he, with a smile.

She received it, and cast upon him a look of inconceivable sweetness.

"Do you dance again, Miss —?"

"I believe not, I am going home."

"Going home," said he, "why the amusements are scarcely begun."

"They are ended with me," said she, "for the night. I wish my servant would fetch my cloak and bonnet."

"Oh, you can't be going home already."

"Indeed I am," said she.

"Well," said he, with a smile, "I know your positive temper of old. Allow me to get your cloak for you."

"Certainly."

Mr. Collingwood left the room. Louisa and several other female friends gathered around her, persuading her on all sides not to leave the party ere it was begun. She would not remain. Mr. Collingwood appeared at the door. In the hall, for it was the fashion then and there to do so, Mr. Collingwood took her bonnet and put it on.

"Allow me," said he, "to tie the strings?" She nodded assent, and while he was tying the ribbon under her chin, he could not help touching her soft cheek. He was in ecstasy—she was quiet and resigned. He took the cloak—he unfolded it—he stood in front of her—their eyes met—both blushed—he pulled the cloak around her shoulders, he folded it around and around her bosom—he trembled like a leaf—she trembled also. He pressed her warmly to his heart, whispering in her ear:—"Oh, Mary Ann, if I may hope? yet indulge a hope?" For a moment they were left alone. Her head sunk upon his breast—she could not speak, but her heart was like to burst. "Will I—dare I—expect to be yet happy?" Their warm cheeks met—their lips realized it in one long, long respiration. They tore away from each other without another word—every thing was perfectly understood between them.

At this moment Mrs. Jamieson, the good lady of the mansion, approached, and insisted that Mary Ann should not go so early. "It is really shameful, my dear," said she, "to think of leaving us at this hour. When I go to Richmond, do I leave you so abruptly? Why, Mr. Collingwood, can't you prevail upon her to stay awhile longer?"

He shook his head. "All my rhetoric has been exhausted," said he, "and it has proved unavailing."

Mary Ann looked at him very archly. "Well now," continued the lady, "I insist upon your staying;" and she forthwith proceeded to take off her bonnet, untie her cloak, and sent the servant with them into a side apartment. Mary Ann was unre-sisting. She was again led into the room. Collingwood danced with her all the evening. He es-

corted her home in the beautiful moonlight, and every now and then he pressed the cloak around her, with which she appeared not by any means to find fault.

In about a month, Mary Ann became Mrs. Colingwood; and immediately, as the parson finished

the great business of the evening, Louisa, who was one of her maids, whispered in her ear, "Two yards of jaconet, or a husband." She smiled, and passed her arm around Louisa's waist. "Both, my love—both, my love; jaconet and a husband, a husband and jaconet."

## DETERMINED TO RUN AWAY.

FROM "THE HAWKS OF HAWK-HOLLOW." BY ROBERT M. BIRD. 1834.

"You know then, I presume," said Catherine, beginning her narrative ominously, with a sigh,— "you know, I suppose, all about old Mr. Gilbert, and his?"

"My dear creature," said Miss Falconer, "I know no more of Mr. Gilbert than the Grand Turk; and all that I can boast of knowledge in relation to his cut-throat children, is that they were the Hawks of Hawk-Hollow; but whether they were real kites, with claws and feathers, or only the philosopher's two-legged birds, human chanticleers, I could never yet determine. My father is not always so communicative as might be expected in a dutiful parent; and, once or twice, when I have been curious to come at some of his early exploits on the frontiers (for they say he was a great Indian-fighter), he has not hesitated to assume a severe countenance, and scold me in the most paternal manner imaginable. Nay, my dear, he once assured me that, as it became a woman rather to garnish the outside of her head than the interior, I would do well never to trouble myself by searching after information that could not make me a whit more handsome. I bowed my head at the reproof, and ran straightway to my brother. But Harry, poor fellow, knew no more about these matters than he cared,—that is, nothing. Ah! he is a jewel of a man, and will make the best husband in the world, having nothing of the meddler about him. I have often thought, if pa were to commit a murder, or even break his neck, Harry would not trouble himself with either wonder or lamentation; and this, not from any want of affection, but simply because he would consider the thing his father's affair, not his. A good easy temper is an excellent thing in men,—as excellent indeed as the 'voice soft, gentle, and low,' in woman. So, now, you perceive the necessity of beginning just where your story begins. Take up the father,—the grandfather, if you choose,—of this savage brood; give me their genealogy, if they have any, and if it be german to the matter; draw all sorts of parallels, make all kinds of reflections, and, in fine, do and say any thing you may think proper,—only conceal nothing. My curiosity is as capacious of appetite as the Moor's revenge (so much for ruralizing, when one must kill time with Shakspeare), and demands that its gratification should be as complete."

Thus adjured and instructed, Miss Loring began the narration of Gilbert's story, and the description of his family, as they have been already recorded; into both which, however, she entered in greater detail than it was thought necessary to attempt.

The first part of the history, which was without melancholy, and related chiefly to the dilemmas into which the founder of Hawk-Hollow Hall was thrown by the sudden accession of wealth, and his vain struggles to refine the character of his chil-

dren, long since determined by early habits upon rude and adventurous lives, Miss Loring, naturally a merry and waggish maiden, with strong talents for mimicry, delivered in a manner that soon became humorous, and, at last, highly diverting; so that the hollow forest began to peal with the approving merriment of her companion. Her benevolence to the poor widow had so opened Elsie's heart, that she had cast aside most of the reserve with which she was accustomed to speak of the Gilberts; and, in consequence, Catherine was provided with an ample store of anecdotes, illustrative of their characters and habits, with which she now amused her friend. She related with what surprise the good Elsie, one autumn evening (while Mr. Gilbert was yet in England with his whole family), beheld the adventurous Oran, in ragged attire, and with a bundle at his back come trudging up to the Traveller's Rest, looking as bold and resolute, to use her own whimsical illustrations, as a soldier marching up to the mouth of an empty cannon, or a militia-man returning from a campaign without battles; and she even mimicked, with voice, gesture, and looks, the appearance and bearing of the two friends, in the dialogue that followed as soon as the truant was recognized by the widow.



"'Heaven bless us!' said Elsie with uplifted hands, 'is that you, Oran Gilbert?'"—Thus her

story went on: "What a foolish question!" muttered the hero of two lustres and a half, who had never affected much of the dulcet submissiveness of a child to any one, either in word or action; 'what a foolish question for you, goody Elsie! Here I am in Pennsylvania, and hungry, I reckon!' and with that, without waiting for invitation, he plumped himself down at the table, already set out for the widow's evening meal, and straightway fell to work with a zeal and industry that showed he had not mistaken the condition of his appetite. The widow regarded him with undiminished astonishment, crying out, for she feared lest some dreadful accident by shipwreck or otherwise, had destroyed the rest, 'But your father and brothers, Oran,—where are they?' 'In Bristol,' mumbled the boy, scowling at her over a bone, but still making the most of it,—'in Bristol,—that is, the big English Bristol, and not our Pennsylvania town, down the river.' 'In Bristol,' echoed Elsie Bell; 'and what are you doing here without them?' 'Why, eating my supper, don't you see?' replied the juvenile. 'And how did you get here?' demanded Elsie. 'I came in a big ship to Philadelphia,' replied the boy, scarce intermitting his agreeable employment for a moment, 'and then, to be sure, I footed it.' 'You have run away from your father, Oran?' said Elsie. 'Yes, I have,' said the boy, grumly; 'let me eat my supper, and I'll tell you all about it.'

"The widow held her peace for awhile, until the lad had satisfied his ravenous appetite; and then, assuming a friendly and coaxing air, for well she knew nothing else would have any effect on that singular young reprobate, she drew from him a confession of his whole adventure, and the causes that led to it."

"It appeared, that, besides an extraordinary attachment to his native home among the wild woods, Oran had another cause to be discontented with his residence in England; and this he discovered in the public school, to which he was sent with his brother next in age, called Hyland. 'He sent me,' said Oran, expatiating upon the barbarity of his father, 'to a school, to learn grammar, and Latin, and reading, and writing, and all that sort of thing.'—'For you must know,' said Catherine, speaking to her friend, "that the want of a teacher, or perhaps hard poverty, had prevented Gilbert sending his children to any school, before he fell heir to his fortune; which was the reason, perhaps, that they got such wild notions and propensities among them as could never after be eradicated. 'Yes,' the urchin went on, 'he sent me to school, and Hy, too; for he has been a sort of crazy man ever since he came to his money. Well, the boys at school called me an Indian papoose, and I thumped 'em; and the man that was master he thumped me, and Hy also; for Hy came to help me. So, when school was out, I took Hyland along; and we went to a corner, and got a great heap of stones; and when the master came out, we pelted him!' 'You did?' cried Elsie, in alarm. 'I hit him one polt on the shin,' said Oran, warming with the recollection,—'I hit him one polt—it was what I call a sogdolloger,—that made him dance like a ducked cat; and just as he stooped down to scratch it, we blazed away again, me and Hy; and if you ever heard two hailstones rattle on a well-bucket, you may tell how his head sounded, I reckon!'

"But your father, Oran?" said Elsie,—'you have not told me what made you leave your father?' 'Father chose to take the master's part,' said Oran, sulkily; 'he said as how I must learn to be a gentleman, now I was in England, and never behave like a young savage no more, because I was never more to come home, meaning to Pennsylvania, and so I must go back to the master, and be thumped again; for nobody could be a gentleman without having it thumped into him. Well, Goody, you see, I couldn't stand that; I was not going to a school to be called papoose, and trounced too; and I was mighty sick of England, which is just like a big garden,—you can't turn out of the road without treading on somebody's strawberry-patch, and having 'em holla after you with dogs, and men, and such things; and I got into a great pickle once, for killing a thumping big rabbit that I saw in a stubble. They called it a hare; I killed it with a stone; they made father pay money about it. Well, I made up my mind to come home, without making any more words about it. So I went down to the river among the docks, and there I saw a ship that was going to sail to Philadelphia next day. I told Hy about it, he agreed we should go over. I went to the captain, and I said, "Captain, I want to go to Philadelphia," but he called me hard names, and swore at me—there was no getting any thing out of him. I looked about and saw them putting boxes, and barrels, and baskets, and all sorts of things into the big hole below. I went ashore, and laid out the shilling father gave me to go back to school, in gingerbread. But Hy's heart failed him; I never thought he would come to much, he's too much of a coward; he began to cry, and said he would go home to father. I gave him a thumping for being such a fool; but that only made him cry harder. So I gave him half my gingerbread, and told him to go, letting him know, if he told on me, I would give him another banging. Then I clomb into the ship again and slipped into the hole among the boxes. But before I went down, I looked back to Hy, and there he was on the wharf eating his gingerbread and crying. I shook my fist at him, as much as to say, "If you tell, mind you!" and then I went below, and after awhile they fastened me up.'

"It was as dark down there as the dickens," said Oran, in reply to the piteous ejaculations of the widow; 'but there was plenty of rats—I tell you what, they scared me! They stole my gingerbread, and whenever I got to nodding, they seized me by the nose and fingers, and I thought I should have been nibbled up like an ear of corn. But I knew I must stand 'em as long as I could, or it would be all up with me. Well, after awhile they came to a place, I don't know where it was; but there was a great clatter on the deck, and swearing and trampling, and they opened the trap doors, as I saw by the great flash of light. Then there was a heap of voices, and father's among them, and Hyland's too. The great villain, Hy, was telling on me, for all I gave him half the gingerbread! When I catch him, I'll pay him up! I will, Goody, if I wait ten years!' And here the young scapegallows, as he revolved the treachery of his fellow truant, clenched his fist and looked as fierce and savage as a young bantam in his first fit of valor.

"Then," continued this hopeful junior to the astonished widow, 'there was father, saying his son



Oran was hid in the ship, and he would have him out, or bring the captain to the gallows for kidnapping him, meaning *me*; and there was Hy, the villain, telling him how I was to hide among the boxes; and there was the captain and the other folks, swearing that father was crazy, and ought to stay at home; though to make him easy, they had opened the traps, or the hatches, as they call them, and he might see for himself. Then father came down, and bawled out after me, and so did Hy; and Hy said, if I would come out, father would not send me to the grammar school to be thumped no more; but he said nothing about father sending me back to Pennsylvania! no, not so much as a word! I was not to be caught by any such talking; so I laid snug and as mum as a rabbit. Then father took on as though I was dead, squeezed to pieces among the boxes, because I would not answer him—as if I was such a fool! Then he wanted the captain to take out the boxes, and the captain would not; then he went after constables; and when he was gone, they clapped down the hatches and sailed away with all their might, and I never heard any thing more of father.

“Poor fellow,” said Elsie, her sympathy for the anticipated sufferings of her young protégé driving from her mind all disapprobation of the hard-hearted perverseness that caused them, ‘did they keep you long in that dismal, dreadful place?’ ‘You may say so,’ replied the boy; ‘they kept me down there till I was more tired of it than ever I had been of the grammar school. I don’t know how long it was, but I was mighty tired of it. Dickens, goody, but I was dry! I was in such a hurry to get down, that I forgot I should want water as well as gingerbread. I eat up all my gingerbread, but I was as dry as ever. Goody, you don’t know what it is to be dry! I was always thinking and dreaming of springs, and wells, and pumps, and the big Delaware there, and even the ditches and gutters. But I held out as well as I could, till I thought we were clear of that hateful old England; and then I hallooed to ‘em to let me out; but they did not hear me at all. There was a power of big baskets, that were rolled all about me; for you must know, a ship never holds still a minute at a time, but is always pitching and tumbling, now up and now down, like a cart in a cornfield; so the baskets rolled all over me; I thought they would have squeezed the life out of me, and I could not get out from among them. So there I pulled and hallooed till I was tired of it, or fell asleep; but no good came of it. I tell you what, goody, I would have taken a thumping for a drink of water; but there was no coming at it. I bawled out, ‘Water! water!’ and ‘Fire! fire!’ but it was no good; nobody heard me, and it set me to crying, to think what a hard time I had of it. Well, I reckon—I was scraping about among the baskets, and some gave way, they were so rotten. I scraped among the willow twigs, and got my hand among the straw, without so much as thinking what I was about, when, all of a sudden, I found I had hold of a glass bottle. “Oho!” said I; it was a great long-necked thing, with wax over the cork. I did not mind that; I knocked the neck off against the basket, and good dickens! such a fizzing and spluttering as it made! It foamed all over my face, and some fell on my lips, and it tasted good, like cider—you may be sure I drained it.’ ‘It was wine,’ cried Elsie. ‘I reckon,’ said the juvenile; ‘and I reckon it made my head sing, too!’ he ex-

claimed, smacking his lips over the grateful recollection; ‘such stuff as that I never tasted before. It made me feel good,—all comical and merry, and ticklish-like,—I don’t know how, but all as if I was rolling up hill and down hill,—huzzy-buzzy, sleek, and grand! Then I seemed as if I was dreaming, but such merry dreams, and talking, and roaring, and laughing; and then some of them opened the traps and dragged me out; and then I had a tussle with some of them, for I felt big enough to fight them all; and then somehow I fell fast asleep.’

“When I came to, the captain said I was drunk, and he beat me; it was worse than the grammar-man. First, he thumped me for stealing into the ship, then for putting him to a bother, and then for drinking his cider, or champagne, as he called it.’ ‘He beat you, the villain?’ cried Elsie; ‘and you the son of Thomas Gilbert!’ ‘He did,’ said the boy, with edifying coolness; ‘he treated me like a dog, and he thumped me every day. I suppose the grammar-man could not have been harder on me than the captain of that big ship—they called her the Prince of Whales, for, you must know, a whale is a very big fish; but I could never get a peep at one. Goody, I never was so mauled in my life! If I crawled about the quarter-deck, as they call it (because that’s a place where the ship-boys never get any quarter), why the captain cuffed me off; and it was pretty much the same with the mates, for they cuffed too; and, every now and then, some one or the other beat me with a rope’s end, because I would not go up the ropes, or do any thing else to make myself useful. I never did believe a Christian man’s son could be treated so; but that’s the way they treat boys on board a ship, only that the regular ship-boys were not handled so hard. They all beat me, captain, sailors, and all; the cook boxed my ears when I went to the caboose;—and if I hid on the forecabin, as they call it, the sailors run me up a rope and plumped me into the sea; and even the ship-boys tried their hands at me, but I reckon they got as much as they gave. They all beat me but Jackey Jones, an old fellow that had but one eye; and if it had not been for him, I believe they would have killed, or starved, or drowned me among them. One night, he was washed overboard, and after that I was beat worse than ever. It was a great storm, goody; I reckon you don’t know what a storm is ashore, even when the trees are snapping. I tell you what, the sea was boiling up, just like a big pot, and the ship danced about just like an apple-dumpling; all the difference was, the water was not hot. They were all big cowards, for all they had been so big with me; and down they went on their knees, crying and praying like methodist preachers. The captain was white all over the mouth, the chief mate got drunk, and Big George, a sailor that used to be hard on me, came to ask my pardon for treating me so badly. I told him, we should have a reckoning about that some other time; and that night he was washed overboard along with Jackey Jones, and we saw them no more. I tell you what, goody, it was the happiest time I had on board that ship; for I supposed it would sink and drown ‘em all, which was a great satisfaction for me to think on. However, it cleared up again next day, and if we had not soon reached Philadelphia, I don’t know what would have become of me, for they were all worse than ever, especially the captain.’ ‘And that wretch,’ cried Elsie, ‘did no

one punish him for his cruel and barbarous oppression of a poor friendless boy?' 'You shall hear,' replied the urchin, with a grin that might have adorned the visage of an Indian coming out of battle, with a sack full of scalps; 'he was for fastening me up when we came to the wharf at Philadelphia, to see his merchant, and learn what was to be done with me. But I sneaked away when he was gone, and hid among some barrels till he came back. Then I watched him come out of the ship again, and ran to a corner where there was a bundle of green hoop-poles at a cooper's shop. Well, goody, I took one of the hoop-poles, and when he passed by, down it went, and down went the captain, too, like a butchered ox, with a great yell like a schoolboy that brought the people up. However, I gave him two more, for as long as I had time, and then I had to scurry for it.' 'Good heavens!' cried Elsie, 'perhaps you killed him!' 'Well, if I didn't, I'm sure it was all the fault of the people that ran up so fast, so that I had not time. As for the rest of them, if I ever catch any of them up here among the hills, you may reckon what will come of it.' And as he spoke, he raised his eyes to an old musket hanging on the wall, and nodded his head significantly."

"This," said the merry narrator, "is the very story I had from Elsie's lips, only that she spoiled it in telling; and I leave you to judge whether

there was ever a more exquisite young savage in the whole world than that same Oran Gilbert."



## JOB FUSTICK ; OR, THE DYERS.

A Story of all Colors. By one who deals in them.

BY GRENVILLE MELLE. 1835.

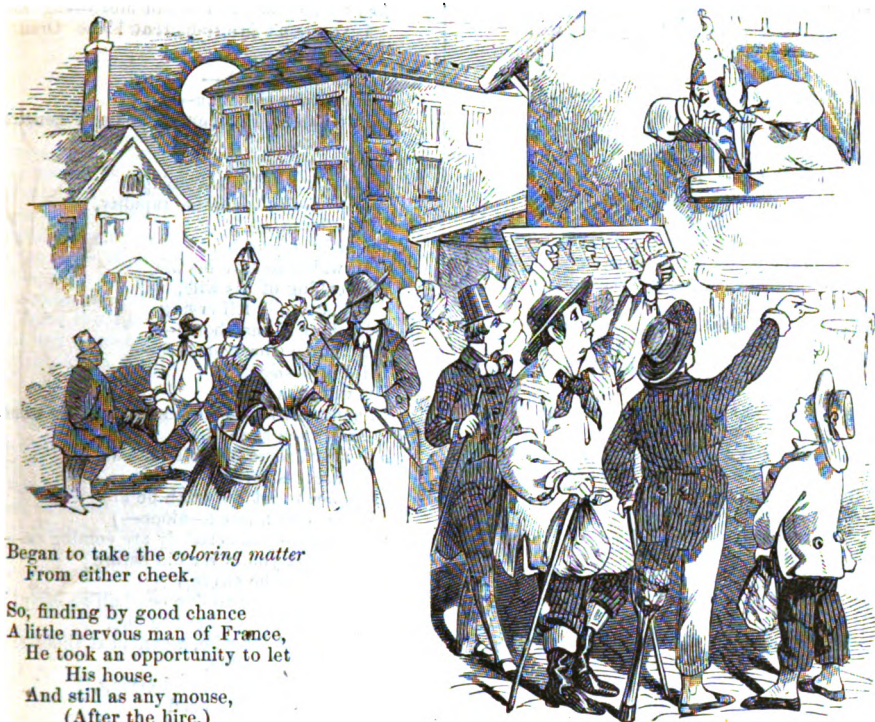
Jon Fustick was the very merriest dog  
Of any in the city—  
He never car'd for fog  
Or failure:  
And certainly 'twas farthest from a ditty  
To see him make a face or tell a story:  
Much did he in his humor glory—  
He would particularly nail ye!

Job was a dyer—  
A man of very dark and reputable calling:  
His uncle Hezekiah,  
To save him from the gaol  
Into which Job was falling,  
Had suddenly turn'd pale,  
And sunk ill  
Upon the bed from which he didn't rise—  
But as he closed his eyes,  
(This uncle,)  
'My dear, wild Job,'—he said,  
'Being about to part,  
You have a legacy of my *black art*,  
By which to make your bread:  
Grow steady—  
And, Job, to dye, be always ready'—  
Job cried.  
He mumbled out—'aye—aye—'  
And so his uncle died.

Finding he was past *taking color*,  
(And not to tire,)  
To keep himself from growing duller,  
Job buried Hezekiah.

Now, working at his trade,  
Our wag had quite a fortune made,  
And not to do himself to death,  
Grown fat, and short of breath,  
Went to his dye-house only once a week;  
For, independent as a Greek,  
He car'd not when he rose,  
Or went to bed;  
And such a curious life he led,  
(Being for orthodox no stickler,)  
He thought it not partic'lar  
To mention at what time he'd dip the clothes.  
So at all times of night,  
As well as day,  
His customers would come, and make such *fray*  
As any common man would fright,  
Tho' dull car'd,  
Merely to see,  
Who should have precedency  
In being colored.

Grown patient of the noise, Job never chid,  
Or even woke;  
Or if he did,  
He never spoke.  
At length by some reverse  
In pot and purse,  
Job, feeling rather *sinkish*,  
Determin'd to relinquish.  
For hark'ee!—not to flatter,  
This rainbow kind of life,  
Together with his wife,  
As plain as any glass could speak,



Began to take the coloring matter  
From either cheek.

So, finding by good chance  
A little nervous man of France,  
He took an opportunity to let  
His house.

And still as any mouse,  
(After the hire.)

Without a notice by Gazette,  
Or crier,

Or any other way,  
He took his leave one day,  
And moved up street, a few doors higher.

Job felt a wicked fun  
To think he had not advertised;  
Thought he, 'as sure as gun  
They'll make a clatter—  
He'll be most shockingly surprised!—  
Right—lord! how they will bawl  
At this poor d——l of a Gaul—  
No matter!'

It happened about twelve o'clock,  
Or thereabouts,

Monsieur awoke;  
He listen'd—there were shouts,  
And then a knock—  
And after,

A rattling peal of laughter—  
At last one spoke.

'Halloo! there—master Job!  
I've travelled half the globe  
In trying

To find some reasonable dog  
To do my dyeing.

Get up, if you've a soul!—

(The Frenchman doubted.)  
But thought it best, upon the whole,  
To out head.

Just then, another luckless wight  
Who came that night,  
Commenced, as usual at the door,  
To cry 'Job—Job'—o'er and o'er.

'Confound ye, Job—why don't you come?'  
Was still the cry!

But Job was very slow—

'I tell ye, Job, I want to know  
When you intend to dye!'

Monsieur felt very sick—

His sight grew thick.

'Die! die! messieurs—mon Dieu!

I mean no die—parbleu!

'Dye blue!'—another cried,

'There, Job, you lied—

Come, no excuses borrow—

You promised me, you sinner, you,  
You would dye black, to-morrow.'

The Frenchman felt unpleasantly numb—  
He thought his time was come.

Another fellow with his bundle came,  
A witty one—and lame.

'Good Mr. Fustick,' said this one,

'I've hither run,

Half limping—and half flying,  
To know, what time to-morrow, by the sun  
You will be dyeing.'

The Frenchman struck his bristling head,

Merely to see

If he might dead

Or living be!

For tho' these calls in daylight might be civil,  
Just at this murky hour

They had the power

Poor monsieur's nerves to overwhelm;—  
He thought each mother's son of them,

The D——l!

Another fellow came;  
 'Good Mr. Job—if that's your name—  
 I call you solemnly;  
 Get up and see  
 If you as well as not can dye for me.'  
 That ended,  
 The case was no wise mended,  
 When quick another cried,  
 'Lord bless us!  
 He isn't worth the winning!—  
 I saw him when he dyed,  
 No longer than three days ago—  
 How he would dress us!  
 He cheats! men—cheats—aye—say I told  
 ye so,  
 His life has been a black—blue—purple sin-  
 ning—  
 He can't dye decently!'  
 This certainly was high-toned;  
 The Frenchman groaned.

Another came in haste,  
 He said he had no time to waste;  
 'But all, friend Job, I seek,  
 And shall be trying,  
 As for you just put off dyeing  
 Until next week.'  
 As you would probably have guess'd,  
 The Frenchman acquiesced.  
 At last a noisy fellow  
 Louder than all the rest did bellow—  
 'Be ready, Job, by St. Paul's chime,  
 To dye in four hours from this time—  
 I give you a fair warning,  
 You laughing, wicked, lazy, color'd rogue,  
 (This was but half the catalogue)  
 To be up in the morning;  
 For by the love of Moses,  
 You'll know it to your sorrow,

As sure as you and I've got noses—  
 If you don't dye to-morrow!'

This was enough—  
 Indeed 'twas shocking—  
 For a lean Frenchman, made of penetrable  
 stuff,  
 'Twas sorry joking;—  
 He felt that he was going  
 With some considerable rapidity,  
 And knowing  
 The only way to be,  
 In which to save his life,  
 Was calling of his wife,  
 He naturally fell crying  
 'Ma chere!—ma chere!—  
 Vill you be slow com here—  
 I dying—*dying*!'  
 His wife was lame—  
 Of course it was some time before she came.  
 And when she did,  
 She heard some fellow at the door  
 In accents surly,  
 (And not to let the truth be hid—  
 'Twas Job himself—alone—)  
 'Why Job—you certainly are coming on—  
 'Tis what you never did before;'  
 (And then he swore,)  
 'You never used to dye one half so early!'  
 The Frenchman went to bed,  
 And charg'd his wife, when next those scoun-  
 drels came,  
 To stop their shameful crying,  
 To tell them to the head  
 That he was dying—  
 Or what was just the same,  
 'Twould be a miscellaneous kind of lying—  
 That he was dead.

### A WESTERN LAWYER'S PLEA AGAINST THE FACT.

Gentlemen of the Jury: The Scripture saith, "Thou shalt not kill;" now, if you hang my client, you transgress the command as slick as grease, and as plump as a goose-egg in a loafer's face. Gentlemen, murder is murder, whether committed by twelve jurymen, or by an humble individual like my client. Gentlemen, I do not deny the fact of my client having killed a man, but is that any reason why you should do so? No such thing, gentlemen; you may bring the prisoner in "guilty;" the hangman may do his duty, but will that exonerate you? No such thing; in that case you will all be murderers. Who among you is prepared for the brand of Cain to be stamped upon his brow to-day? Who, freemen—who in this land of liberty and light? Gentlemen, I will pledge my word, not one of you has a bowie-knife or a pistol in his pocket. No, gentleman, your pockets are odoriferous with the perfumes of cigar-cases and tobacco. You can smoke the tobacco of rectitude in the pipe of a peaceful conscience; but hang my unfortunate client, and the scaly alligators of remorse will gallop through the internal principles of animal viscera, until the spinal vertebrae of your anatomical construction is turned into a railroad, for the grim and

gory goblins of despair. Gentlemen, beware of committing murder! Beware, I say, of meddling with the eternal prerogative! Gentlemen, I adjure you, by the manumitted ghost of temporal sanctity, to do no murder. I adjure you by the name of woman, the mainspring of the tickling timepiece of time's theoretical transmigration, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the love you have for the esculent and condimental gusto of our native pumpkin, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the stars set in the flying ensign of your emancipated country, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the American Eagle that whipped the universal game cock of creation, and now sits roosting on the magnetic telegraph of time's illustrious transmigration, to do no murder! And lastly, gentlemen, if you ever expect to wear store-made coats—if you ever expect free dogs not to bark at you—if you ever expect to wear boots made of the free-hide of the Rocky mountain buffalo,—and, to sum up all, if you ever expect to be any thing but a set of sneaking, loafing, rascally, cut-throated, braided small ends of humanity, whittled down into indistinctibility, acquit my client, and save your country.

The prisoner was acquitted.

## ABOUT BACHELORS.

BY M. M. NOAH. 1836.

THAT a race of old bachelors are a burden to society—are fit objects for animadversion, for satire, nay, even for special taxation—I never for a moment doubted. I do not mean your old bachelors who have neither talents nor attractions sufficiently powerful to engage the affections of a young lady—they are to be pitied—but I mean your venerable dandies, men having the means to marry without the inclination, men who remain single all their days from the vanity of supposing that they can obtain any woman from the mere asking her. The dispatch post, a few weeks ago, brought me a note which ran thus: "*The Bachelors' Club make their respects to the Major, and notify him that they celebrate their anniversary on Wednesday next. Venison with chafing-dishes on table at four, together with a plentiful supply of Billy Niblo's twenty-eight years' old Madeira.*" "Shall I go or shall I not?" said I to myself. I certainly dislike old bachelors, yet I have no aversion to venison and Madeira moderately—and as it is but once a year, I'll meet these members of the *ancien regime*, drink with them, laugh with them, take up the cudgels for matrimony, and who knows but I may make a convert, though even on the shady side of fifty. The hope of doing good, and striking a pure spark out of rusty steel, determined me, and at four I was there. Almost at the same time, a beau of the old school, polished and polite, adoring the fair sex, yet still unmarried, made his *entrée*, and after four or five modern bows, he squeezed me affectionately by the hand, and was rejoiced to see me. Here, thinks I, is a bachelor of unpardonable celibacy—he is no enemy to matrimony, but has put off the day of marriage so long, that it now presents an awful aspect, and terrifies him, as the field of battle alarms the acknowledged coward. The room soon filled; there

were some of overgrown fortunes, of moderate possessions, of fat and jolly persons, and of lean and lantern visages; they were all well dressed, yet there was a certain something about their apparel that had the air of sluggish indifference, as if their wardrobe sighed for the superintending care of some kind female; one man's pocket-handkerchief was unhemmed, the ends of another man's cravat were nibbled and ragged, here and there a few holes peeped from the sombre ruffles, and a straggling rent was perceptible in the heels of some stockings. How much care these "children of a larger growth" seemed to require—how solitary they appeared to me, although their faces were dressed with smiles! The grateful bell soon announced the dinner, and to it we went—no ceremony—no compliments—appetite and epicurism united to pin attention to the well-stored table, and the poor creatures in all their movings, seemed to indicate the want of some female, whose daily presence might refine their manners, control their appetites, give a grace to their actions, and a polish to their converse. The old wine, together with pipes and cigars, made their appearance; the bottle went briskly round, and their old clay moistened, revived and invigorated, each man had something to say in praise of a bachelor's life.

Marriage! (says an old fellow, who owned twenty brick houses in the city,) pshaw! What man would surrender his freedom—give up the joys of celibacy—subject himself to the eternal clatter of a woman's tongue, and a host of old tabbies in the shape of aunts—be stunned to death with squalling brats, harassed with illness, doctors' bills, and christenings? Who would relinquish the happiness of being free, uncontrolled and untrammelled?—Here am I as happy as a lord; can drink as many bottles



of Niblo's old stingo as I please; I can reel home, tumble myself into bed, boots and all; no wife to upbraid me for my absence, scold me for a sot, or turn me from my pillow at eight in the morning; my ears are not stunned with her shrill notes, nor my eyes offended by her sour looks. Old Phillis cooks my steaks, makes my bed, smokes her pipe in peace, and is always glad to see me, drunk or sober—that's your sort!

A bachelor leads a merry life;  
Few folks that are wedded live better.

Hey, Major, what do you say? Am I right, old Chronicle? Do you not say ditto?

"No, sir," said I, with gravity; "I am not with you; I disapprove your whole position; I do not say ditto." "A forfeit! a forfeit!" exclaimed the whole company; "here's treason amongst us—a spy in our camp, an advocate for matrimony—a Benedict himself—fine him! fine him!—a hamper of salt water, a cold bath—no punishment too severe for such alarming opinions!" "Order! order! gentlemen," exclaimed the chairman; "let us hear his defence; let us treat him with decorum." "Come, Major," said Von Snarl, "your reasons, your reasons, my boy." "Why, gentlemen," said I, "although aware that I was to dine with bachelors, I was not prepared to meet a party hostile to matrimony. I myself was an old bachelor, yet I cannot subscribe to the correctness of doctrines such as I have just heard advanced. Man is a social being by nature; he was never intended to be isolated: floating through the world without the ties of affection, of association, or of kindred; he has duties to perform to religion, to country, and to morality; and all these point to marriage as the great end by which they may be accomplished and fulfilled. You boast of freedom, of the joys of your table, of your unrestrained liberty; the savage, whose yell reverberates through the forest, is equally as free; he be-

comes infuriated by rum, and basks in the sunbeams in dignified intoxication. No soul feels an interest in you—no soul dares molest him—so far you are equal; but the savage *marries*, he roves through the woods with his wife by his side; he hunts the fleet deer because his wife partakes of the spoil, and praises his dexterity; he teaches his boys to become warriors, familiarizes them to the bow and arrow, and the pointed javelin; the savage *has* social relations even in his moments of brutal intoxication; he is, therefore, your superior. If you have no wife to control or direct your movements, you have no friend who feels an interest for your health and happiness, who sighs for your grief, who rejoices in your prosperity, who watches your pillow in the hour of sickness, who administers with her fair and soft hand the medicine for your health, and binds your brows, and soothes your agitations with the sweet kiss of affection. If you are thus free, you have no children whose growing virtues do honor to their sire—whose cheerful prattle blunts the dull edge of care. If marriage brings with it some privations, it amply compensates by the additional comfort, confidence, mutual respect, and influence, which it carries in its train. Why, then, rail at matrimony? Instead of reeling home at night, and encountering the black visage of your wench, as she opens the door for you, and you sneak through your dark hall to your comfortless and solitary bed, walk upright and soberly home, there meet the cheerful smile and cordial welcome of your wife, as she leads you to the ample fire, and there enjoy (which you never will if you retain your present sentiments), the social converse, and innocent hilarity of a lawful and lovely companion."

The faces of the old bachelors began to "cream and mantle," as I took my hat to leave them; and as I closed the door, Von Snarl exclaimed, "Hark! Sir, let us never see your ugly face amongst us again."

## DYDIMUS DUMPS.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH. 1836.

On horror's head horrors accumulate.—SHAKESPEARE.

SOME are enamored of the graceful movements of a horse, others of a painted, dancing gipsy; some pass their lives in examining the petal of a flower, or the brilliancy of a bug—some disregard the earth and read the heavens, while others find nothing half so beautiful in all creation as a well-cooked terrapin or partridge pie. Dydimus Dumps belonged to neither of these varieties—he eschewed the beautiful; his taste was for the horrible.

The parentage, education, and pursuits of Dydimus tended to develop this prominent feature in his character. His father was a little consumptive tailor, who was obliged to ply his needle incessantly for cabbage, and as tailors are proverbially melancholic, his hard fate, acting on his temperament, according to the settled laws of Gall and Spurzheim, rendered him as solemn and mysterious as a tombstone without an epitaph. Subsequently, he turned to exhorting in the conventicle, which increased the longitude and acerbity of his meagre visage, and also the sonorous bass of his deep-toned nasal organ. Spirit of Slawkenbergius! with such a second, you

might have deceived the dry bones of the valley with the belief that the diapason of universal nature had been rudely set in motion, and that it was time to come forth and attune their pipes to concert pitch.

The mother of our hero was a layer out of the dead, and from her calling, she imagined herself a sort of connecting link between this world and the next—a hyphen between time and eternity. Dydimus, in early childhood, attended her on these solemn missions, and he claimed it as a prescriptive right to officiate as chief mourner in all fashionable funeral processions. It was flattering to his juvenile ambition, and that his grief might be rendered the more impressive, his considerate mother invariably harnessed him in the longest weeds and weepers, and the best black silk gloves that the bereaved relatives had furnished to make a public demonstration of their secret sorrow. Such was the serious cast of his mind in his early years, that he despised the restraint of the ordinary system of education, and actually made considerable progress in the



alphabet, by conning over the epitaphs on the tombstones, and ultimately acquired as much knowledge of the dead languages as most collegians with the appendix of A. M., LL. D., and A. S. S. to their otherwise insignificant names.

Many years ago, I knew Dydimus intimately. He was at that time a middle-aged and independent man, having come into possession of the wholesome accretions of his prudent and watchful mother. He was fond of relating narratives of barbarity, whether fact or fiction, it was immaterial, for he believed all he saw in print, and as I was a patient listener—the most gratifying compliment that can be paid to all old women of either sex—it afforded him infinite pleasure to bestow all his tediousness upon me. His library was limited—"better have a few volumes," said he, "and digest them well, than, as some pretenders to literature, make a large collection without reading beyond the labels." His library consisted of "The Life and Death of Cock-Robin," with colored sculptures—his mother's first present—which time had already rendered exceedingly valuable, for there was no other copy of the same edition extant; Fox's Book of Martyrs, horribly illustrated; the Buccaneers of America, and a History of the Spanish Inquisition. His walls were adorned with pictures in keeping—one of which he highly prized for its antiquity and truth of design. It was the Sacrifice of Isaac, taken from a Dutch bible, published in an age when they weatherboarded books, and put iron clasps upon them, anticipating Locke on the Human Understanding—which illustration of that most solemn and impressive narrative represented the agonized, yet obedient parent, with a huge blunderbuss presented at the breast of his innocent and unresisting offspring, while an angel, proportioned and appalled like a well-fed Amsterdam belle, seated aloft on a cloud resembling a featherbed, dropped tears as big as hailstones in the pan of the firelock, while Abraham was in the act of pulling the trigger.

His regimen was somewhat remarkable. His organ of alimentiveness was largely developed, and his temperament was what phrenologists would pronounce the bilious melancholic, combined with the nervous, and a sprinkle of the lymphatic. This is all Hebrew-Greek to me, but doubtless is correct, for he was an extraordinary man, and richly entitled to all the temperaments referred to by Gall and Spurzheim. He supped every night on clam-fritters, hard-boiled eggs, pickled sturgeon, and raw cabbage, all of which he washed down with an unconstitutional quantity of muddy beer, that he might more fully enjoy the fantastic and horrible caprices of the nightmare. The profound gravity with which he would attack his nightly repast, would have inspired Apicius with veneration for his gastronomic abilities.

One morning, he called upon me, and appearing more dejected than usual, I inquired the cause. He replied:

"I have exhausted all the places of rational amusement in the city, wax-work, puppet-shows, and all. I finally purchased a season-ticket of admission to that meritorious institution called the Washington Museum, esteemed as the only exhibition that could awaken the sensibilities of a delicately attuned and cultivated mind. But I have gazed so long upon the headless trunk of poor Marie Antoinette, the dying Hamilton, Moreau, and many others—including the emaciated Baron

Trenck, peeping through the bars of his cage, like Sterne's starling, that they have lost their pungency. The fountain of tears is exhausted, and I am most miserably cheerful. I feel no more pleasure in contemplating the jealous Moor in the act of stabbing his sleeping Desdemona, or Queen Dido preparing to hang herself in her garters, than I do in beholding those immortal worthies, Washington and Franklin, placidly seeming to read unutterable things illegibly scrawled upon a piece of dirty parchment, or the portly William Penn, in the attitude of leading out a fair Quakeress to a country-dance. Nay, you will scarcely credit it, but it is a melancholy fact—I have become so accustomed to the horrible discord of that eternal organ-grinder, who silenced and put the starved treble of fish-wench out of countenance, that it no longer creates any titillation on my tympanum, but sounds as melodiously as the music of the spheres. I am in absolute despair! What shall I do?"

"You are a bachelor and rich. Get married."

"That would be horrible, indeed; but then it lasts for life. I wish variety; a monotony of horror would pall upon the palate."

Yet Dydimus was a kind-hearted man. His benefactions were liberally bestowed. His pensioners were comprised of the lame, blind, and destitute, whom he visited systematically to drop his unseen charity, and though he could not minister to their minds by cheerful converse, he never failed to awaken them to a keen sense of their forlorn condition by his tears of sympathy.

"What's to be done!" continued Dydimus. "This dearth of excitement will drive me to do something terrible!"

"Do you never go to the theatre?"

"When Cooke was here I went, but seldom since."

"Go now, and you will find the exhibitions most truly awful."

"Say you so? You cheer me," he exclaimed, leisurely rubbing his hands and smiling like a caput mortuum. "Pray inform me what sort of shows do they exhibit to gratify a cultivated taste?"

"I see it announced that Mr. Stoker will hang himself for the first time, at the circus, this evening, for the edification of an enlightened public."

"Hang himself! That indeed approximates my ideas of the interesting. But is there no humbug about it? I despise humbug."

"I am assured that it falls little short of a bona fide hanging, and that the exhibition is really delightful to those who take pleasure in witnessing executions of the sort."

"I never saw a man hanged in all my life, and as it is probable I never shall, I would not neglect this opportunity of having my ideas enlarged as to the manner of performing this interesting branch of jurisprudence. Will you accompany me?"

"With pleasure, as they only hang in jest."

"The real thing must be exciting!"

"Doubtless, and more especially to the principal performer."

We accordingly repaired to the circus at an early hour, and took our seats as soon as the doors were open. Dydimus was impatient until the horsemanship commenced, but as the equestrians performed their feats with so much self-possession, he soon became wearied with the monotony of the exhibition, and emphatically pronounced it to be a popular humbug. At length an artist appeared in the

arena, mounted without saddle or bridle, who rode like a lunatic flying from his keepers, who had out-voted him on the score of sanity—throwing himself into all perilous attitudes upon his untamed Bucephalus.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed Dydimus, "this is reality! What was Geoffrey Gambado or the Macedonian compared to him? The progress of the human faculties toward perfection is wonderful. A few riding-masters of that description would soon send harness-makers to the region where the son of Philip no longer obstructs the sunshine of Diogenes. He may have conquered a world, but he would not make salt to his porridge if he were a circus-rider in the present age of improvement. A fig for the ancients and their Olympic games."

Mr. Dumps expected every moment to behold the daring rider's brains dashed out, but to his great astonishment, not to say disappointment, the agile equestrian invariably regained his equilibrium when apparently in the most perilous position. The anxiety and all-absorbing interest awakened in the mind of Dydimus, became apparent by the contortions of his countenance, and the gyrations of his nervous system. A lad seated beside him, who was "native and to the manner born," and who for some time had watched his movements with mischievous satisfaction, addressed him in a tone loud enough to attract the attention of those around us:

"Stranger, there's no use in fretting your innards to fiddle-strings; I know that 'ere covey, and he would see the whole house, managers and all, in a place unfit to mention, before he would break his neck for the amusement of a *levy* spectator. Remember we are in the pit, and he can't afford such a show as that for a shilling every day. He will break it on his benefit-night; you can go then and get the worth of your money, and encourage merit."

This remark excited the risible faculties of those who overheard it, and Dydimus, disconcerted and looking unutterable things, stammered out:

"Pshaw! Fudge! Do you take me for a greenhorn? I know it all to be catch-penny—consummate humbug—imposture!"

"You wouldn't have him break his neck for a shilling? Posterity, I grant, has never yet done anything for us; but then, only think, how could posterity possibly get along without that man? Let posterity know that we foster genius and patronize the fine arts."

To escape the impertinence of the boy, Dydimus, turning to me, remarked:

"That equestrian would have been distinguished among the Persians. To be a great horseman with them was second only to shooting with the bow and speaking the truth."

"The horsejockeys of the present day differ from those of Persia. Ours draw a much longer bow, and seldom speak the truth."

The horsemanship being over, Mr. Stoker made his appearance, and as he ascended to the rope, suspended from the roof of the theatre, Mr. Dumps' pulse could not have throbbed more rapidly if he had been placed in similar jeopardy. He was all eye. The gymnastic commenced operations, and when at full swing he sprang headlong from his seat—thirty feet from the floor.

"Huzza!" shouted Dumps, starting to his feet. "Huzza! there he goes! Not a plank between him and eternity!"

There was a spontaneous burst of applause, which

the showman modestly appropriated to his own credit, though Mr. Dumps was entitled to more than an equal division of the honor. Fortunately for the rope-dancer, though to the chagrin of some of the spectators, he had taken the precaution of fastening his right leg in a noose attached to the swing, and thus he was suspended, head downwards, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth. He was greeted with a more hearty and spontaneous burst of applause than Newton received when he illustrated the laws of gravity. But what was Newton and all his discoveries, in popular estimation, when brought in juxtaposition with the science of a ropedancer! Mr. Stoker, soon discovering that it was an unpleasant position for the blood to circulate through the human form divine, that wonderful work—"Finxit in effigiem moderantem cuncta deorum"—than he hastened to regain his former position, which he effected without even dislocating a limb, and recommenced his operations with a self-complacency, which plainly demanded of the spectators—"Ladies and gentlemen, what do you think of me?"

After various feats of surprising agility, he arrived at the acme of the exhibition—the be-all and the end-all—which was to hang himself by the neck. It was with difficulty that I could prevent Mr. Dumps from making another ridiculous display of his excited feelings, as he beheld him adjusting the noose around that ticklish part of the human frame. Having fixed it to his satisfaction, he set his swing in motion, and when at the height, he slipped from his seat, and to the inexpressible delight of all true admirers of the sublime and beautiful, there he was, *sus. per. col.*, as natural as life—no fiction, but the true thing, hanging dingle dangle. A shriek of horror burst from the uninitiated; but Dydimus, a true admirer of the beauties of nature, in the ecstasies of the moment, sprang to his feet, and clapping his bony hands, shouted in a sepulchral voice:

"Beautiful! wonderful! Encore, encore! Do it again!"

"If the rope had broke," suggested the boy seated beside Dydimus, "the laws of the land would compel him to do it again, if it was the real thing and no gammon—the people's majesty is not to be trifled with on such occasions—but by the laws of the playhouse, if you are dissatisfied, your only redress is to apply to the box-office for the return of your shilling. You couldn't expect a man to hang himself all night to procure the means of getting a breakfast in the morning."

"You be—dashed," exclaimed Dydimus, adopting from a sense of decorum a different word from that which was uppermost in his thoughts, but the expression of his countenance plainly indicated that he by no means intended to mollify the asperity of his denunciation by the change of a consonant.

The showman coincided in opinion with the mischievous persecutor of Mr. Dumps, and accordingly, after hanging long enough to satisfy any reasonable spectator, he manifested his disinclination to terminate his illustrious career in this ridiculous manner; and scrambling up the rope as gracefully as circumstances would admit, he regained a position of comparative security. The breathless suspense that had pervaded the theatre during his suspension, was succeeded by an unanimous burst of applause, which made the sounding-board in the dome vibrate with ecstasy, and the hero of the night, having

made his obeisance with a solemnity becoming the important occasion, withdrew from the scene of his triumph, as full of the conceit of dignity as Sancho Panza when installed governor of Barataria. And this is fame." *"Sempiterno nominabitur."*

On leaving the circus I inquired of Mr. Dumps how he was pleased with the entertainment.

"It is the very place for me," he replied. "He escaped to-night miraculously, but I shall live to see that fellow hanged yet. I shall purchase a season ticket to-morrow morning, and attend regularly until some mischance puts a check to his proud ambition."

"You certainly would not be present at such a melancholy occurrence?"

"He is bound to be hanged. His death-warrant is already signed and sealed, and there is no reason why I should not enjoy the exhibition as well as another. If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, you could not give me one."

He accordingly purchased a season-ticket, and became a constant attendant at the circus, in expectation of witnessing some appalling accident; but after wasting much time in this way, and nothing serious occurring, he became dissatisfied, for though hanging he admitted to be a very rational amusement for a week or so, yet by constant repetition it was deprived of its stimulating properties, until it dwindled to a mere burlesque upon the impressive sublimity of the real thing.

"I despise humbug," said Dydimus, in conclusion, "and shall never again cross the door of a circus."

Some months after, I walked with him along a street, when his attention was suddenly arrested by an organ-grinder and an immense placard, which exhibited, in woodcuts, humanity more brutal than the ravenous animals over which, by the first law, man had been placed as the shepherd, and in blood-red characters was emblazoned the attractive advertisement—

"The Horrors of the Inquisition Illustrated."

"There is something to be seen here," exclaimed Mr. Dumps, "which will enlarge the mind of the uninitiated, as regards the progress of humanity and Christianity in the civilized world."

"The quackery of charlatans to aggravate the diseased imagination of ignorance, at the moderate price of a shilling a dose."

"You are skeptical; but observe, sir, the illustrations are said to be by the best artists, and there is a full description in print of each particular case—and by the best authors. You would not doubt what you see in print?"

"Certainly not, if printed on hot-pressed vellum, with a spacious margin. Swallow the Talmud and the Koran, and all the elaborate lucubrations of insane philosophers, that repose on the dusty shelves of every well-selected library, and your cranium will soon become a more miscellaneous menagerie than nature originally intended to confine within so limited a compass; a sort of rotating kaleidoscope, where beautiful images have but a momentary existence, crumble in giving place to others more attractive, and no power on earth can ever reproduce them."

Dydimus paid little attention to my remarks, but was intently reading the various placards strewed about, like bills of fare, to stimulate a morbid appetite, when a man approached and invited him in, at the same time assuring him that he could not fail

being pleased—"As it was the most diabolical exhibition ever presented to a Christian community."

"Enough!" he exclaimed, throwing himself into the attitude of Hamlet, in his first interview with his father's shadow, clad in a coat of mail—which incorporeal vestment must unquestionably have been reduced to pig-iron, if there was any truth in the statement of the ghost as to the temperature of the regions whence he had ascended, and the ghost was an honest ghost—Truepenny could not lie—"Go on," said Dydimus, in a sepulchral tone—"Go on, I'll follow you."

We entered an apartment which had been carefully fitted up to represent the infernal regions, and was doubtless as accurate in the main, as the descriptions by Dante, Quevedo, Bunyan, and others, who have published their travels to that interesting country—but, strange is the inconsistency of man, who freely pays to understand the fabricated accounts of impudent impostors, when he has a reliable promise, reiterated once a week, that he has already commenced his journey there, and will shortly witness the real thing without fee or reward.

Our guide, perceiving the astonishment of Dydimus, turned to him, and remarked in a lachrymose and nasal tone, which would have elicited tears from monumental alabaster, upon which no tears had ever been shed:

"Ah, sir! I see you have a soul to enjoy these matters. Man, who was placed as the pastoral protector of all animated nature, 'becomes the tyrant, and finally directs his inhumanity to man, and makes—'

"Oh! *Burn* the quotation. I am in the pursuit of facts and not ethics—go on with your show, and let me understand what entertainment you can afford an inquiring mind."

"Look you here, sir," continued the showman, "and observe the operation of this wheel. This gentle motion delicately disengages the thigh-bones from the sockets—and this dislocates the arms—never was there invented a more perfect piece of mechanism—this is the exact expression while the wheel was in this position. The portrait was taken from life—or rather between life and death, by Albert Durer—an exceedingly clever sketcher in his day, and wonderfully endowed with a proper appreciation of the fantastic and horrible. By this motion, sir, the chest you observe is considerably elevated, but so gradually as not to give any sudden shock to physical endurance, until by this additional turn of the wheel, we dislocate the spine. Every thing complete, you perceive, sir. Take a turn at the crank, and you will see how systematically it operates."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Dumps. "Equal to a modern corn-sheller. Man's talent for mechanics is wonderful! Even in his instruments of torture he manifests refinement. That machine must have cost the ingenious inventor much deep reflection before he could have rendered it so perfect. It moves like clock-work."

"Beats it all to nothing," said the showman; "for no one who has tried that machine ever stood in need of clock-work afterward. Here, sir, is the ingenious process of filling the bowels of an obstinate witness with water for the purpose of washing out the truth. If the proverb be correct, that truth lies at the bottom of a well, the surest way to get at it is to fill a man's bowels with water and then pump it out of him."

"*In vino veritas*, is a proverb of equal authority," said Dydimus; "they should have filled him with wine. But truth hath many hiding-places, and is hard to be discovered."



"Look this way, sir. Here are two children whose feet were roasted to a coal in the presence of their parents, and the instrument of torture in which they were confined. This is the exact expression of the countenance after ten minutes roasting; and this, after the lapse of half an hour.

If 't were done when 'tis done, then 't were well  
It were done quickly.

"Here is the punishment of the *iron boot*, celebrated for being the most dreadful ever invented; by which the bones in the legs are crushed, and the marrow forced from them."

Thus he went on, describing the various modes of torture in the exhibition, and perceiving the interest felt by Mr. Dumps in his exaggerated narrative of blended fact and fiction, concluded by informing him that, in the course of a few days, he would have it in his power to afford him inexpressible pleasure, for he hourly expected "The Virgin Mary and her hundred lances," so celebrated in the history of the infernal inquisition.

Mr. Dumps continued his visits here for several weeks, to study out the complicated machinery of the hundred lances with which the victim was transpierced, while expecting to receive a benediction and maternal embrace. He admired the refinement and humanity of dispatching a wretch from this world, when his mind was wholly occupied with serious thoughts of another. Finally, even this scene of complicated horrors, became "flat, stale, and unprofitable," and his mind could find no food to fatten on but itself. He was now indeed a melancholy man.

I had missed him for some time, and on inquiry learned that he was dead. As his departure from this mundane sphere was rather unceremonious, for a gentleman remarkable for his rigid observance of decorum, a coroner's inquest was held to ascertain the cause of his hasty exit, but more especially to put money in that worthy officer's pocket. It appeared that on the evening previous to his death, his mind being much depressed, he indulged to excess in his favorite repast of clams and sturgeon, in order to keep up his spirits, from which some conjectured he had died of a surfeit, but as they found in his chamber a wheelbarrow load of the writings of modern French novelists, a volume of which was open before him, one of the jurymen exculpated the clams and sturgeon from all participation in the transaction, for, as he remarked, "Those books are a vast deal harder of digestion, and in truth, if taken in large doses, would be enough to kill the — dickens: There was a difference of opinion in the minds of those jurors, who flattered themselves they had minds, as to the cause of the death of Dydimus, and as they found it impossible to agree, they buried him without a verdict, and the county paid the coroner his costs.

## TO JOHN BULL.

ANON. CIRCA 1836.

I WONDER John, if you forget, some sixty years  
ago,  
When we were very young, John, your head was  
white as snow;  
You didn't count us much, John, and thought to  
make us run,  
But found out your mistake, John, one day at Lexington.

And when we ask'd you in, John, to take a cup of  
tea,  
Made in Boston harbor, John, the tea-pot of the  
free  
You didn't like the party, John, it wasn't quite select,  
There were some **ABORIGINES**, you didn't quite expect.

You didn't like their manners, John, you couldn't  
stand their tea,  
And thought it got into their heads, and made them  
quite too free;  
But you got very tipsy, John, (you drink a little  
still.)  
The day you marched across the Neck, and ran  
down Bunker Hill.

You acted just like mad, John, and were tumbled  
o'er and o'er,  
By your stalwart Yankee son, who handled half a  
score,  
But now I hope you're sober, John, you're far too  
fat to run,  
You've not got the legs, John, you had at Bennington!

You had some corns upon your toes, Cornwallis  
—that was one,  
And at the fight at Yorktown, why then you  
couldn't run;  
You tried quite hard, I will admit, and threw away  
your gun,  
And gave your sword, fie, John, for shame! to one  
George Washington.

I know you'll grieve to hear it, John, and feel quite  
sore and sad,  
To learn that Ethan's dead, John; and yet there's  
many a lad,  
Growing in his highland home, that's fond of guns  
and noise,  
And gets up just as early, John, those brave Green  
Mountain boys.

Another much-loved spot, John, such sweet asso-  
ciations!  
When you were going down to York, to see your  
rich relations;  
The Dutchmen of the Mohawk, John, anxious to  
entertain,  
Put up some "Gates" that stopped you, John, on  
Saratoga's plain.

Oh no, we never mention it; we never thought it  
lucky,  
The day you charged the cotton-bags, and got into  
Kentucky;  
I thought you knew geography, but misses in their  
teens,  
Will tell you that Kentucky lay, just then, below  
Orleans.

That hill you must remember, John, 'tis high and  
very green;  
We mean to have it lithographed, and send it to  
your Queen;  
I know you love that hill, John, you dream of it  
a-nights,  
The name it bore in '76 was simply Bemis' Heights.

The "beauty" it was there, John, behind the cot-  
ton-bags,  
But did you get the booty, John?—somehow my  
memory flags.  
I think you made a "swap," John, I've got it in my  
head,  
Instead of gold and silver, you took it in cold lead!

Your old friend Ethan Allen, John, of Continental  
fame,  
Who called you to surrender, in Great Jehovah's  
name;  
You recognized the "Congress," then, authority  
most high,  
The morn he called so early, John, and took from  
you Fort Ti!

The mistress of the Ocean, John, she couldn't rule  
the Lakes;  
You had some Ganders in your fleet, but John, you  
had no Drakes;  
Your choicest spirits, too, were there, you took your  
hock and sherry,  
But John, you couldn't stand our fare, you couldn't  
take our Perry!

## A MARRIED MAN'S REVERIE.

BY JOHN INMAN. 1836.

WHAT a blockhead my brother Tom is, not to  
marry! or rather, perhaps, I should say, what a  
blockhead not to marry some twenty-five years ago,  
for I suppose he'd hardly get any decent sort of a  
body to take him, as old as he is now. Poor fel-  
low! what a forlorn, desolate kind of a life he leads;  
no wife to take care of him—no children to love  
him—no domestic enjoyment—nothing snug and  
comfortable in his arrangements at home—nice  
sociable dinners—pleasant faces at breakfast. By  
the way, what the deuce is the reason *my* breakfast  
does not come up? I've been waiting for it this  
half hour. Oh, I forgot; my wife sent the cook to  
market to get some trash or other for Dick's cold.  
She coddles that boy to death. But, after all, I  
ought not to find fault with Tom for not getting a  
wife, for he has lent me a good deal of money that  
came quite convenient, and I suppose my young  
ones will have all he's worth when he dies, poor  
fellow! They'll want it, I'm afraid; for although  
my business does very well, this housekeeping eats  
up the profits, with such a large family as mine. Let  
us see; how many mouths have I to feed every day?  
There's my wife and her two sisters—that's three;  
and the four boys—seven; and Lucy, and Sarah,  
and Jane, and Louisa, four more—eleven; then  
there's the cook and the house-maid, and the boy—  
fourteen; and the woman that comes every day to  
wash and do odd jobs about the house—fifteen;

then there's the nursery-maid—sixteen; surely  
there must be another—I'm sure I made out seven-  
teen when I was reckoning up last Sunday morning  
at church; there must be another somewhere; let  
me see again; wife, wife's sisters, boys, girls—oh  
it's myself. Faith, I have so many to think of and  
provide for, that I forget myself half the time.  
Yes, that makes it—seventeen. Seventeen people  
to feed every day is no joke! and somehow or other  
they all have most furious appetites; but then, bless  
their hearts, it's pleasant to see them eat. What a  
havoc they do make with the buckwheat cakes of a  
morning, to be sure! Now poor Tom knows noth-  
ing of all this. There he lives all alone by himself  
in a boarding-house, with nobody near him that  
cares a brass farthing whether he lives or dies. No  
affectionate wife to nurse him and coddle him up  
when he's sick; no little prattlers about him to  
keep him in a good humor—no dawning intellects,  
whose development he can amuse himself with  
watching day after day—nobody to study his  
wishes, and keep all his comforts ready. Confound  
it, hasn't that woman got back from the market  
yet? I feel remarkably hungry. I don't mind the  
boy's being coddled and messed if my wife likes it,  
but there's no joke in having the breakfast kept  
back for an hour. O, by the way, I must remember  
to buy all those things for the children to-day.  
Christmas is close at hand, and my wife has made

out a list of the presents she means to put in their stockings. More expense—and their school-bills coming in too; I remember before I was married, I used to think what a delight it would be to educate the young rogues myself; but a man with a large family has no time for that sort of amusement. I wonder how old my young Tom is! let me see, when does his birthday come? next month, as I'm a Christian; and then he will be fourteen. Boys of fourteen consider themselves all but men, nowadays, and Tom is quite of that mind, I see. Nothing will suit his exquisite feet but Wellington boots, at thirty shillings a pair; and his mother has been throwing out hints for some time, as to the propriety of getting a watch for him—gold, of course. Silver was quite good enough for me when I was a half a score years older than he is, but times are awfully changed since my younger days. Then, I believe in my soul, the young villain has learned to play billiards; and three or four times lately when he has come in late at night, his clothes seemed to be strongly perfumed with cigar smoke. Heigho! Fathers have many troubles, and I can't help thinking sometimes that old bachelors are not such wonderful fools after all. They go to their pillows at night, with no cares on their mind to keep them awake; and, when they have once got to sleep, nothing comes to disturb their repose—nothing short of the house being on fire, can reach their peaceful condition. No getting up in the cold to walk up and down the room for an hour or two, with a squalling young varlet, as my luck has been for the last five or six weeks. It's an astonishing thing to perceive what a passion our little Louisa exhibits for crying; so sure as the clock strikes three she begins, and there's no getting her quiet again, until she has fairly exhausted the strength of her lungs with good, straightforward screaming. I can't for the life of me understand why the young villains don't get through all their squalling and roaring in the day-time, when I am out of the way. Then, again, what a delightful pleasure it is to be routed out of one's first nap, and, and sent off post-haste for the doctor, as I was, on Monday night, when my wife thought Sarah had got the croup, and frightened me half out of my wits with her lamentations and fidgets. By the way, there's the



doctor's bill to be paid soon; his collector always pays me a visit just before Christmas. Brother Tom has no doctors to see, and that certainly is a great comfort. Bless my soul, how the time slips away! Past nine o'clock and no breakfast yet—wife messing with Dick, and getting the three girls and their two brothers ready for school. Nobody thinks of me, starving here all this time. What the plague has become of my newspaper, I wonder? that young rascal Tom has carried it off, I dare say, to read in the school, when he ought to be poring over his books. He's a great torment, that boy. But no matter; there's a great deal of pleasure in married life, and if some vexations and troubles do come with its delights, grumbling won't take them away; nevertheless, brother Tom, I'm not very certain but that you have done quite as wisely as I, after all.

## CAMOMILE TEA.

BY DAVID PAUL BROWN. 1836.

LET doctors or quacks prescribe as they may,  
Yet none of their nostrums for me;  
For I firmly believe—what the old women say—  
That there's nothing like camomile tea.

It strengthens the mind, it enlivens the brain,  
It converts all our sorrow to glee;  
It heightens our pleasures, it banishes pain—  
Then what is like camomile tea?

In health it is harmless—and, say what you please,  
One thing is still certain with me,  
It suits equally well with every disease;  
O, there's nothing like camomile tea.

In colds or consumptions, I pledge you my word,  
Or in chills, or in fevers, d'ye see,

There's nothing such speedy relief will afford,  
As a dose of good camomile tea.

Your famed panacea, spiced rhubarb and stuff,  
Which daily and hourly we see,  
Crack'd up for all cures, in some newspaper puff,  
Can't be puff'd into camomile tea.

The cancer and colic, the scurvy and gout,  
The blues, and all evils *d'esprit*,  
When once fairly lodged, can be only forced out,  
By forcing in camomile tea.

You all know the story how Thetis's son  
Was dipp'd to his heel in the sea;  
The sea's all a farce—for the way it was done,  
He was harden'd by camomile tea.



Or, if dipp'd in the Styx, as others avow,  
Which I also deny, by the powers—  
The Styx, it is plain, must in some way or how,  
Have been bank'd up with camomile flowers.

When sentenced to die, foolish Clarence, they say,  
Met his fate in a butt of Malmsey:  
He'd have foil'd the crook'd tyrant, and lived to  
this day,  
Had he plunged into camomile tea.

Let misses and madams, in tea-table chat,  
Sip their hyson and sprightly bohea;  
It may fit them for scandal, or such things as that,  
But it's nothing like camomile tea.

Let tipplers and spendthrifts to taverns resort,  
And be soak'd in their cups cap-a-pie;  
Their champagne and tokay, their claret and port,  
Are poison to camomile tea.

Why, the nectar the gods and their goddesses quaff,  
In potations convivial and free,  
Though Homer mistakes it—nay, pray do not laugh,  
I suspect it was camomile tea.

Then fill up your goblets, and round let them pass  
While the moments and hours they flee;  
And let each gallant youth pledge his favorite  
lass,  
In a bumper—of camomile tea.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE OLLAPODIANA PAPERS.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. 1836.

EXCEEDINGLY amused at the air and manner of a decided "loafer," a sentimentalist withal, and a toper, who had come out of his way from Buffalo to see the Falls. "Landlord!" said he, to the Boniface of the Cataract, "and you, gentlemen, who stand on this porch, witnessing this pitiless rain, you see before you one who has a tempest of sorrows a-beatin' upon his head continually. *Wanst* I was woth twenty thousand dollars, and I drier the saddling profession. Circumstances alters cases;

literature of the day, as contained in the small newspapers. But the way I'm situated at present, is scandalous. The fact is, my heart is broke, and I'm just Ishmaelizing about the globe, with a sombre brow, and a bosom laden with woe. Who will help me—speak singly, gentlemen—who will 'ease my griefs, and drive my cares away?' as Isaac Watts says, in one of his devotional poems."

No answer was returned. A general laugh arose. The pride of the mendicant was excited; rage got the better of his humility; and shaking his fist in the face of the by-standers, he roared out:

"You're all a pack of poor, ornary common people. You insult honest poverty; but I do not 'hang my head for a' that,' as Burns says. I will chastise any man here, for two three-cent drinks of *Monogohale* whiskey: yes, though I have but lately escaped shipwreck, coming from Michigan to Buffalo, and am weak from loss of strength; yet I will whip the best of you. Let any on ye come over to the Black Rock Railroad Dee-pott, and I'll lick him *like a d—n!*"

"Never mind that," said one; "tell us about the shipwreck."

"Ah!" he continued, "that *was* a scene! Twenty miles out at sea, on the lake; the storm bustin' upon the deck; the waves, like mad tailors, making breeches over it continually; the lightnings a bustin' overhead, and hissing in the water; the clouds meeting the earth; the land just over the lee-bow; every mast in splinters; every sail in rags; women a-screechin'; farmers' wives emigratin' to the west, calling for their husbands; and hell yawnin' all around! A good many was dreadfully sea-sick; and one man, after casting forth every thing beside, with a violent retch, threw up his boots. Oh, gentlemen, it was awful! At length came the last and destructivest billow. It struck the ship on the left side, in the neighborhood of the poop, and all at wanst I felt something under us breakin' away. The vessel was parting! One half the crew was drowned; passengers was praying, and commending themselves to heaven. I, alone, escaped the watery doom."

"And how did you manage to redeem *yourself* from destruction?" was the general inquiry.

"Why, gentlemen, the fact is, I seen how things was a-goin', and I took my hat and went ashore!"



now I wish for to solicit charity. Some of you seems benevolent, and I do believe I am not destined to rank myself among those who could travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say all is barren. No, I scorn to brag; but I am intelligent beyond my years, and my education has been complete. I have read Wolney's Ruins, Marshall's Life of Washington, and Pope's Easy on Man, and most of the

The last I saw of this Munchausen, was as our coach wheeled away. He had achieved a "drink," and was perambulating through the mud, lightened, momentarily, of his sorrows.

I remember being struck with the gay appearance of the ball-room, and the large assemblage of pretty girls. I stepped up to one—the daughter of a Judge, and a member of Congress. She was one of your plump, rosy-faced creatures, buxom and pleasing. "She was a being of loveliness; nature had compressed and concentrated in her dumpy form, the attractions of a dozen. Her face was bright and expressive—her figure, of course, was perfect—O, quite so!"

To this damsel I addressed myself, and solicited her hand in the dance. She assented; and with my brain reeling with fancies of wine and women, I really thought, for the moment, that "she did me proud." I flourished my kerchief, restored it to my pocket, and proceeded to encase my digits in gloves.

The dance was beginning, I took my place, and drew my silk *gants* hastily over my hands. The black fiddler had stamped—we were near the head—and there was no time to be lost. I "seized my partner," as commanded by the sable Apollo, and went ahead. When we reached the bottom of the row—for it was a country dance—I was all in a glow; and drawing my *mouchoir* from my pocket, essayed to mop my perspiring temples. As I did so, I was partially 'ware of a general *snicker* through the room. What could it be for? I looked around; every one looked at me. I looked down—then at my hands. The sight was quite enough. For a handkerchief, I had flourished a common *dickey*, the strings whereof fell to my feet—long as the moral law. For gloves, I had selected from my trunk a pair of short silk pump-hose, "well saved" by numerous emendations that had been required by sundry previous scrapes; all these I had displayed on and in my hands, before the multitude!

Words are but poor types of my chagrin. One haw-buck dancer—a fellow whom I caught in several vulgar attempts to achieve a "pigeon-wing"—came up to me with an impudent air, and thus right eloquently, said:

"Mister, I think them gloves o' your'n must be so'thin' rather new. Dare say the're fresh from 'York. They are *darned good*, any how; any body can see that."

"I say," yelled another biped of the same genus, "is that the last go for han'ker'chers? They can't steal them, can they, with strings to 'em. That's a right smart contrivance."

There is a story of a man of God, now gathered to his fathers, (or named at least of him,) for which I have great respect. It seems that he encountered a confirmed infidel one evening at a donation-party; a man who respected the pastor of the town, though he did not credit his doctrines. By accident, they engaged in a controversy, and the infidel endeavored to prove, by Holy Writ, in the same text-choosing method for which his opponent was proverbial, that the priests of old were drunkards, and that they imbibed "potations pottle deep," in public.

"How do you prove that? Give me an instance," said the clerical gladiator.

"Well," was the reply, "look at the coronation of

Solomon, where it is expressly stated that Zadok, the priest who anointed him, 'took a horn.'"

"Yes," said he of the cloth, "but you don't give the whole passage, which is this: 'And Zadok the priest took a horn of oil, and anointed Solomon.'"

"I did not say what he did with his horn," rejoined the infidel; "I only contended that he *took it*."

"Good, very good!" responded the divine, warming at the quiz which he saw was directed towards himself; "you are ingenious in your argument; but I can prove by the Scriptures, in the same way, that instead of being here, resolving doubts and disputing with me, you should be swinging on a gallows at this moment, by your own consent and deed."

"No, no; *that's* beyond your skill; and if you will establish what you propose, by any kind of ratiocination, I will confess my deserts, as soon as they are shown."

"Agreed. Now, do we not read in the Bible, 'that Judas went and hanged himself?'"

"Yes, we do."

"Do you not find in another part of the Sacred Word, 'Go thou and do likewise?'"

"Yes; you have proved that as far as you go. What next?"

"Only one clause more," replied the divine. The Bible also says, 'What thou doest, do quickly.' Now, my friend, go and hang yourself at once!"

"Not till I show you the text to your charity sermon, preached for the Widow's Society in Boston, last spring. Here it is; and there is a word there, which you either have not properly written or properly read."

Saying this, he drew a pamphlet from his pocket, and pointed to the opening passage. It ran thus: "Then he rebuked the winds, and the sea, and lo! there was a great *clam!*" "Why do you bring your texts to such an amphibious and testaceous termination?"

The good man was thunderstruck. He acknowledged that there was an error; but he contended that shell-fish might have existed at that ancient period:

E'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still

The Astor House, at its Ladies' Ordinary, has furnished some glorious specimens of English improvement.

"Have you any *chastised idiot* brother?"

"Ha'n't seen no relations of yours here to-day," murmured the waiter, with an imperturbable smile.

"Don't be impertinent, fellow!" was the reply; "I mean something to eat."

"If you want to eat any thing in the *idiot* line," replied the servant, as his inquisitor fingered his moustache, "I guess you'd better put some butter on your hair, and swallow *yourself*." And here the sacrilegious usher of sauces and glasses indulged in a half-suppressed guffaw.

"Dar' say you consider that funny, my short *help*," said the inquirer, "but what I want is what you call *whipped syllabub*."

Calling to him the same locomotive assistance, he inquired, "Now, individual, I want some sacrificed-threshed-indigent-williams. Have you got any?"

"Not one, upon my soul, your honor; that is, if you mean turnips."

"Turnips! curse turnips! you double-distilled Vandal; you Goth! you Visigoth! I mean, have you got any roasted *whip-poor-wills*?"

"Holy Paul! what's them?"

## THE SERENADES.

BY ELIZA LESLIE. 1837.

"AND now tell me the reason of your giving us the slip on Tuesday night," said Charles Cavender to Frederick Merrill, as they came out of court together, and walked into the shade of the beautiful double row of linden trees that interlace their branches in front of the Philadelphia State House, perfuming the atmosphere of early summer with the fragrance of their delicate yellow blossoms.

"To tell you the truth," replied Merrill, "I never had much fancy for these regular serenading parties. And as, on Tuesday night, I had a presentiment that the course of ours was not going to run smoothly, and as I found it impossible to play with such a second as Dick Doubletongue, I resigned my flute to Walton, and went home for my guitar, being very much in the notion of taking a ramble on my own account, and giving a little unpretending music to several pretty girls of my own acquaintance."

"Ah! that guitar!" exclaimed Cavender; "since you first heard Segura, no Spaniard can be more completely fascinated with the instrument. And to do Segura justice, he has made an excellent guitar player of you, and cultivated your voice with great success."

"But how did you proceed after I left you?" asked Merrill.

"Oh! very well!" replied Cavender; "only that infernal piano, that Harry Fingerley insisted on being brought along with us, was pretty considerable of a bore."

"So I thought," responded Merrill; "to me there appeared something too absurd in conveying through the streets, at night, so cumbrous an instrument—carrying it on a handbarrow, like porters."

"Well," observed Cavender, "there were, however, enough of us to relieve each other every square. By the by, I suspect that your true reason for deserting was to avoid taking your turn in carrying the piano."

"You are not far wrong," replied Merrill, smiling.

"It was a ridiculous business," resumed Cavender. "As Fingerley cannot touch an instrument without his notes, and always chooses to show off in difficult pieces, a lantern was brought along, which one of us was obliged to hold for him whenever he played. Unluckily, a music stool had been forgotten, and poor Harry, who, you know, is one of the tallest striplings in town, was obliged to play kneeling; and he wore the knees of his pantaloons threadbare, in getting through a long concerto of Beethoven's, before Miss Flickwire's door."

"To what place did you go after I left you?" inquired Merrill.

"Oh! to serenade that saucy flirt, Miss Lawless, Frank Hazeldon's flame. We ranged ourselves in front of the house, sat down the piano and its elegant supporter the handbarrow, upon the pavement, and all struck up the Band March, with our eyes turned upwards, expecting that we should see the shutters gently open, and the pretty faces of Lucy Lawless and her two sisters slyly peeping down at us. But we looked in vain. No shutters opened, and no faces peeped."

"Perhaps," said Merrill, "the family were all out of town."

"No, no," replied Cavender; "a bright light shone through the fan-glass over the door, which opened at last, just as we had concluded the Band March, and out came Bogle, followed by two or three other waiters of rather a more decided color, who stood a little aloof. 'Gentlemen,' said Bogle, 'Miss Lawless desires her respects and compliments to you all, and wishes me to inquire if there is one Mr. Hazeldon among you?' 'Yes—I am Mr. Hazeldon,' said Frank, stepping out.—'Then,' resumed Bogle, with his usual flourish of hand, 'Miss Lawless presents her further respects and compliments, and requests me to make you acquainted that she has a party to-night, and as Frank Johnson was pre-engaged, and could not come, she desires you will play a few cotillions for the company to dance—and if there are any more gentlemen-fiddlers present, she will thank them to play too.'

"There was a general burst of mingled indignation and laughter. Some of the serenaders advanced to put Bogle into the gutter, but he very naturally resisted, justly declaring that he ought not to be punished for obeying the lady's orders, and delivering the message systematically, as he termed it.

"The windows of the front parlor were now thrown open, and Miss Lawless with her sisters appeared at them, dressed in lace and flowers. Both parlors were lighted up with chandeliers, and filled with company.

"Mr. Hazeldon," said Miss Lawless, 'you and your friends have come precisely at the right time. Nothing could be more apropos than your arrival. We were all engaged with the ice-creams and jellies while you were playing the Band March, (which, to do you justice, you performed very respectably,) or we should have sent Bogle out to you before. Pray, Mr. Hazeldon, give us "Love was once a little boy;"—it makes an excellent cotillion;—and we shall then be able to decide between the merits of your band and that of Mr. Francis Johnson.'—'But we are all gentlemen, madam,' said the simple Bob Midgely, 'and this is a senerade.' 'The more convenient,' replied Miss Lawless, who is really a very handsome girl; 'a serenade may thus be made to answer a double purpose—killing two birds with one stone, in proverbial parlance.'

"Poor Frank Hazeldon was so much annoyed as to be incapable of reply, being also vexed and mortified at having no invitation to his lady-love's party.

"But I went forward, and said to Miss Lawless, that if she and her friends would come out, and perform their cotillions on the pavement, we would have much pleasure in playing for them. To this, she replied, that she now perceived we had no tam-bourine with us, and that a dance without that enlivening instrument, must always be a very spiritless affair. Therefore, she would excuse for the present, the services of Mr. Hazeldon and his musical friends.

"She then closed the window, and we bowed and moved off resolved that for the future we would

take care to avoid the awkward contretemps of serenading a lady when she is in the act of having a party. Frank Hazeldon loudly protested against the insolence of his Dulcinea, 'who,' said he, 'would not dare to say and do such things, only that she knows herself to be (as she certainly is), the most beautiful creature on the face of the earth.' However, he averred that he had done with Miss Lawless entirely, and would scrupulously avoid all further acquaintance with her, now that she had not only affronted himself but his friends. We advised him to consider it not so deeply."

"He seems to have taken your advice," observed Merrill; "for there he is, just turning the corner of Sixth Street with her—she laughing at him as usual, and he, as usual, thankful to be laughed at by her. But where else did you go?"

"We went to two other places," replied Cavender, "where nothing particular happened, except that at one of them, the ladies threw flowers down to us. Afterwards, Dick Doubletongue proposed our going into Market Street to serenade two very pretty girls, the daughters of a wealthy tradesman, who, being an old-fashioned man, persevered in the convenience of living in the same house in which he kept his store. Unluckily, it was the night before market day. We began with 'Life let us cherish,' which Dick assured us was a special favorite with the young ladies—and our music soon aroused the market-people, some of whom were sleeping in their carts that stood in the street; others, wrapped in coverlets, were bivouacking on the stalls in the market-house, to be ready on the spot for early morning. They started up, jumped down, gathered round us, and exclaimed—'Well, did ever!'—'Now that's what I call music!' 'There Polly, there's the right sort of fiddling for you!' 'Well, this beats me!'—'Law, Suz!—how they do play it up!'—and other equally gratifying expressions. And one woman called out to her husband—'Here daddy, take up the baby, and bring him out of the cart, and let him hear some music-playing, now he has a chance!' So the baby was brought, and daddy held him close up to the flute-players, and the baby cried, as all babies should do when they are taken up in the night to hear music.

"To crown all, the concert was joined by a dozen calves, who awoke from their uneasy slumbers in the carts, and began bleating in chorus; and by the crowing of various fowls, and the quacking of various ducks that were tied by the legs in pairs and lying under the stalls. Every moment, fresh market-carts came jolting and rattling over the stones, and we would have gone away at the conclusion of 'Life let us cherish,' only that Dick begged us to remain till we saw some indications of the ladies being awake and listening to us—a circumstance always gratifying to serenaders. While we were in full performance of 'The Goddess Diana,' we saw a light in a room up stairs, a window was opened, and there appeared at it two young ladies, who had evidently taken the trouble to arrange their hair, and attire themselves very becomingly in pink gowns and white collars, for the purpose of doing honor to the musicians and themselves. After this, we could do no less than play another of their favorites. When it was finished, we bowed up to the window, and they courtesied down to us, and the market-women approved, saying—'Law, now if that a'n't pretty!—all making their manners to one another!—well, if we a'n't in luck to-night!'"

"The combination of noises that accompanied your Market Street serenade," observed Merrill, "reminds me of a ridiculous incident that occurred one night, when I and my flute were out with Tom Clearnote and Sam Startlem; Clearnote having his Kent bugle, and Startlem making his first public essay on the trombone, which he had taken a fancy to learn. We went to a house in Chestnut Street, where there were three charming girls, who we soon saw had all properly disposed themselves for listening at the windows. We commenced with the March in Massanello. Unfortunately, Sam Startlem, from having a cold, or some other cause, and being but a novice on the trombone, found it impossible to fill the instrument, or to produce any sound but a sort of hollow croak, that went exactly like 'Fire! fire!'—the cry which so often frights our town from its propriety.

"Just then the watchman was passing with a dog that always followed him, and that had a habit of howling whenever he heard the alarm of fire. On meeting the strange sounds, half guttural, half nasal, from Startlem's trombone, he very naturally mistook them for the announcement of a conflagration, and set up his customary yell.\* In a few minutes, the boys issued from all quarters, according to their practice by day and by night, whenever there is any thing to be seen or heard that promises a mob. The supposed cry of fire was reiterated through the street; and spread all round. Presently, two or three engines came scampering along, bells ringing, trumpets braying, torches flaring, and men shouting—all running they knew not whither; for as yet the bell of the State House had not tolled out its unerring signal.

"In the general confusion, we thought it best to cease playing, and quietly decamp, being ashamed (for the honor of our musicians) to inform the firemen of the real cause of the mistake; so we gladly stole out of the crowd, and turned into a private street. But excuse me for interrupting you. Finish your narrative."

"There is little more to be said," resumed Cavender. "By the time we had afforded sufficient amusement to the market-people, the moon had long since set, and the stars begun to fade. So we all put up our instruments, and wearily sought our dwelling-places;—Harry Fingerlev wisely hiring relays of black men to carry home the piano.

"But we have been talking long enough under these trees," continued Cavender; "let us walk up Chestnut Street together, and tell me what befell yourself while serenading according to the fashion of old Castile. Of course, you went first to Miss Osbrook."

"I did," replied Merrill, smiling, and coloring a little; "and I played and sung for her, in my very best style, several of my very best songs. And I was rewarded by obtaining a glimpse of a graceful white figure at the window, as she half unclosed it, and seeing a white hand (half hidden by a ruffle) resting gently on one of the bars of the Venetian shutter—and as the moon was then shining brightly down, I knew that my divine Emily also saw me.

"From thence I went to the residence of a blooming Quaker girl, who, I understood from a mutual friend, had expressed a great wish for a serenade. She came to the window, and was soon joined by an old nurse, who, I found by their conversation, had

\* Fact.

been kindly awakened by the considerate Rebecca, and invited by her to come to the front room and listen to the music; on which the half-dozing matron made no comment but that 'sometimes the tune went away up, and sometimes it went right down.'

"Having commenced with 'The Soldier's Bride,' I was somewhat surprised at the martial propensities of the fair Quakeress, who in a loud whisper to her companion, first wished that Frederick Merrill (for she had at once recognized me) would play and sing 'The Soldier's Tear,' and then 'The Soldier's Gratitude.' When I had accomplished both these songs, I heard her tell the old woman, that she was sure

nately, she is almost as much of a simpleton as her mother, though she was educated at a great boarding-school, and said a great many long lessons.

"I took my seat on the marble carriage-step in front of the house, and the moon having declined, I played and sung 'Look out upon the stars, my love.' Soon after I commenced, I saw a window in the second story thrown open, and the literal Maria, doing exactly as she was bid, in earnestly surveying the stars—turning her head about that she might take a view of them in every direction.

"I then began the beautiful serenading song of 'Lilla, come down to me,' with no other motive than that of hearing myself sing it. At the con-



'The Battle of Prague' would go well on the guitar. This performance, however, I did not think proper to undertake, and I thereupon prepared to withdraw, to the audible regret of the lovely Rebecca.

"As I directed my steps homeward, I happened to pass the house of a young lady whose family and mine have long been somewhat acquainted, and who has acquired (I will not say how deservedly) a most unfortunate *sobriquet*. At a fancy ball, last winter, she appeared in the character of Sterne's Maria, dressed in a white jacket and petticoat, with vine leaves in her hair, and a flageolet suspended by a green ribbon over one shoulder. Her mother, a very silly and illiterate woman, announced her as 'Strange Maria'—absurdly introducing her by that title, and saying repeatedly through the evening to gentlemen as well as to ladies—'Have you seen my daughter yet? Have you seen Strange Maria? There she is, sitting in that corner, leaning her head upon her hand—it is a part of her character to sit so—and when she is tired she gets up and dances. She appears to-night as Strange Maria, and it suits exactly, as her name is really Maria. Her aunt, Mrs. Fondlesheep, chose the character for her, out of some book, and Madame Gaubert made the jacket.'

"From that night, the poor girl has gone unconsciously by this foolish nickname. And unfortu-

clution of the air, the front door softly opened, and Strange Maria appeared at it, dressed in a black silk frock, with a bonnet and shawl, and carrying a bundle under her arm.

"She looked mysterious and beckoned to me. I approached her, somewhat surprised. She put the bundle into my hands, and laying her finger on her lips, whispered—'All's safe—we can get off now—I have just had time to put up a change of clothes, and you must carry them for me.'

"My dear Miss Maria,' said I, 'what is it you mean? Excuse me for saying that I do not exactly comprehend you.'

"Now, don't pretend to be so stupid,' was the damsel's reply; 'did you not invite me in the song to come down and run away with you? You sung it so plain that I heard every word. There could not be a better opportunity, for ma's in the country, and there is never any danger of waking pa.'

"Really, Miss Maria,' said I, 'allow me to say that you have totally misunderstood me.'

"No such thing,' persisted the young lady. 'Did I not hear you over and over again say "Lilla, come down to me?" Though I never was allowed to see a play or read a novel, I am not such a fool that I cannot understand when people want to run away with me. By Lilla, you of course meant me, just as much as if you had said Maria.'

"On my honor," I expostulated, "you are entirely mistaken. Only permit me to explain"—

"Nonsense," interrupted the lady; "the song was plain enough. And so I got ready, and stole down stairs as quickly as possible. Alderman Pickwick always sits up late at night, and rises before day to write for the newspapers. He lives just round the corner, and never objects to marry any couple that comes to him. So let's be off."

"I entreat you," said I, "to listen to me for one moment."

"Did you bring a ring with you?" continued the fair eloper, whose present volubility surprised me no less than her pertinacity, having hitherto considered her as one of the numerous young ladies that are never expected to talk.

"A ring!" I repeated; "you must pardon me, but I really had no such thought."

"How careless!" exclaimed Maria. "Don't you know that plain rings are the only sort used at weddings? I wish I had pulled one off the window curtain before I came down. I dare say, Squire Pickwick would never notice whether it was brass or gold."

"There is no need of troubling yourself about a ring," said I.

"True," replied she, "Quakers get married without, and why should not we? But come, we must not stand parleying here. You can't think, Mr. Merrill, how glad I am that you came for me before any one else. I would much rather run away with you, than with Mr. Simpson, or Mr. Tomlins, or Mr. Carter. Pa says if ever he does let me marry, he'll choose for me himself, and I have no doubt he'll choose somebody that's ugly enough. Fathers are such bad judges of people."

"Miss Maria," said I, "you mistake me entirely, and this error must be rectified at once. I must positively undeceive you."

"At that moment, the door half opened—a hand was put out, and seizing the arm of Maria, drew her forcibly inside. The door was then shut, and double locked; and I heard her receding voice, loudly exclaiming—'Oh! pa—now, indeed, pa—

who'd have thought, pa, you were listening all the time!'"

"I stood motionless with joy and surprise at this opportune release—and I recollected that once during our scene on the door-step, I had thought I heard footsteps in the entry."

"Presently the father put his head out of his own window and said to me—'Young man, you may go, I have locked her up.' I took him at his word and departed, not a little pleased at having been extricated in so summary a way from the dilemma in which the absurdity of Strange Maria had involved me."

About a week after this conversation, Cavender inquired of his friend, who was visiting him at his office, if he had again been out solus on a serenading excursion.

"No," replied Merrill, "I have had enough of that nonsense. There is no better cure for folly, and particularly for romantic folly, than a good burlesque; and I find I have been parodied most ridiculously by that prince of fools, old Pharaby the bachelor in an auburn wig and corsets, that lives next door to Miss Osbrook. This said Pharaby, assumes a penchant for my opposite neighbor, the rich and handsome young widow, Mrs. Westwyn. Taking a hint from my serenading Emily Osbrook, but far outdoing me, he has every night since presented himself under the windows of the fair widow, and tinkled a guitar—which instrument he professes to have learned during a three months' consulship in one of the Spanish West India Islands. He plays Spanish, but sings Italian; and with a voice and manner to make Paggi tear his hair, and Pucci drop down dead."

"Mrs. Westwyn, whom I escorted home last evening from a visit to Miss Osbrook, was congratulating herself on the appearance of rain, as it would of course, prevent her from being disturbed that night by her usual serenader, the regularity of whose musical visitations had become, she said, absolutely insupportable."

"About twelve o'clock, however, I heard the cus-





tomary noise in front of Mrs. Westwyn's house, notwithstanding that the rain had set in, and was falling very fast. I looked out, and beheld the persevering innamorato standing upright beneath the shelter of an umbrella, held over his head by a black man, and twitching the strings of his guitar to the air of "Dalla gioia." I was glad when the persecuted widow, losing all patience, raised her sash, and in a peremptory tone, commanded him to depart and trouble her no more; threatening, if he ever again repeated the offence, to have him taken into custody by the watchmen. Poor Pharaby was struck aghast, and being too much disconcerted to offer

an apology, he stood motionless for a few moments, and then replacing his guitar in its case, and tucking it under his arm, he stole off round the corner, his servant following close behind with the umbrella. From that moment I abjured serenades."

"What! all sorts?" inquired Cavender.

"All," replied Merrill—"both gregarious and solitary. The truth is, I this morning obtained the consent of the loveliest of women to make me the happiest of men, this day three months; and therefore, I have something else to think of than strumming guitars or blowing flutes about the streets at night."

NEGRO DOMESTICS.

FROM "RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOUTHERN MATRON." BY CAROLINE GILMAN. 1837.

I MUST ask indulgence of general readers for mingling so much of the peculiarities of negroes with my details. Surrounded with them from infancy, they form a part of the landscape of a Southern woman's life; take them away, and the picture would lose half its reality. They watch our cradles; they are the companions of our sports; it is they who aid our bridal decorations, and they wrap us in our shrouds.

"Miss Neely," said the driver, approaching me with an air of solemnity, "you been hear sister Nelly dream?"

"No, Hector," I answered; "what was it?"

"He berry awful for true," said Hector, and his voice fell to the key of mystery. "When sister Nelly put Maus Ben to bed de night o' de fire, Maus Ben ax 'em for sing one hymn for 'em, cause *he eye clean*; \* den sister Nelly begin for sing till Maus

hominy pot, and stir de hominy wid he pitchfork; and while he stir de hominy, and sister Nelly right scare, he stare at she wid he red eye like fire, and he wisk he tail, and fire run round he tail like it run roun one dry pine-tree."

Hector had scarcely concluded, when an old woman claimed my attention. She had been sitting on a charred log, her hoe laid by her side, her elbows resting on her knees, and her body rocking to and fro; but, when Hector paused, she stood up, and courtesying, with a very dismal tone and seesaw motion, said—

"He no for notting, my young missis, dat one screechowl been screech on de oak, by Dinah house tree night last week. When he didn't done screech, Plato took one lightwood torch, and light 'em, and fling 'em into de tree, and den he gone. We all say something gwine happen!"

"Miss Neely," said a lad, bustling up with great importance, "if dat dog Growler," pointing to him, "an't got sense! All night before de fire he been creep roun and roun wid he tail between he leg, and look up to maussa house, and gie such a howl, ki! how he howl! and I say to marmy, 'Something bad gwine for happen, marmy, sure!'"

As the boy spoke, I observed the hair on the crown of his head tied closely up to a piece of stick, an inch long, so that his mouth and eyes stood almost ajar.

"Why is your hair tied so tight, Bob?" said I; "it makes your eyes stare."

His mother, who was near, came up and answered for him.

"Him palate down, Miss Neely. He catch one cold at de fire, and I been tie he hair up for fetch up he palate. Make your manners to Miss Neely, Bobby, son."

\* \* \* \* \*

The glory of our country Christmas was Diggory as chief fiddler. A chair from the drawing-room was handed out for him on this occasion, where he sat like a lord in the midst of his brethren, flourishing his bow, and issuing his dancing decrees. Behind him, stood a tall stout fellow beating a triangle, and another drumming with two long sticks upon a piece of wood. All the musicians kept their own feet and bodies going as fast as the dancers themselves. One movement was very peculiar. A woman, standing in the centre of a circle, commenced with a kind of shuffle, in which her body moved round and round, while her feet seemed



Ben and him fell asleep, *all two*.† Den sister Nelly dream dat de devil was stand on de edge o' de big

\* Watchful.

† Both.

scarcely to stir from their position. She held a handkerchief before her, which she occasionally twisted round her waist, head, or arms, but mostly stretched out in front as if to ward off assaults. After a few minutes, an old black man leaped into the circle, and knelt before her with gestures of entreaty; the lady turned her back, and danced off in an opposite direction. Hector started up and began dancing after her, holding out his arms as if he would embrace her, but still keeping at a respectful distance; again he ventured to solicit her hand, but the coy damsel still refused. At this crisis Jim sprang forward, and his petitions, commenced in the same manner, were more kindly listened to. Hector rushed from the scene. Clinching his fist and striking his forehead in the true Kemble style, and the damsel spread her handkerchief before her face as if to hide the blushes. The favored suitor gave her a salute, and a brisker measure succeeded, in which, one by one, many others joined, until it ended in a kind of contra-dance, and this lasted five hours.

That I might feel perfectly easy on one point, papa bought a professed cook, who was advertised in the papers, and, according to his frequent custom, brought home two gentlemen to dine the very day mamma went away. There had been so much regularity in our family heretofore, that I should as soon have thought of interfering with the solar system as with the routine of the kitchen, and I felt perfectly at ease when summoned to the dining-room.

As I dipped the ladle into the tureen, and saw, instead of the usual richly-concocted turtle-soup, a few pieces of meat in a thin reddish fluid, sailing about like small craft in an open bay, my mind misgave me; but, knowing little of such matters, I helped round.

"What is this?" said papa, as he elevated a spoonful, and let it drop back into his plate.

No one spoke.

"In the name of common sense, Mark," said he, in a louder tone to one of the servants, "what have we got here?"

"Cuffee call 'em French bully, sir," said Mark, bowing, and trying to keep his countenance.

"French fire!" shouted papa, dislodging a mouthful into the grate; "my tongue is in a flame! Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake put down your spoons, and don't be martyred through politeness. Mark, tell Cuffee, with my compliments, to eat it all, or he gets no Sunday money."

The soup was taken away, and the covers removed, when lo! there stood before papa a pig on his four feet, with a lemon between his teeth, and a string of sausages round his neck. His grin was horrible.

Before me, though at the head of many delicacies provided by papa, was an immense field of *hopping John*,\* a good dish, to be sure, but no more presentable to strangers at the South than baked beans and pork in New England. I had not self-possession to joke about the unsightly dish, nor courage to offer it. I glanced at papa.

"What is that mountain before you, my daughter?" said papa, looking comically over his pig.

"Ossa on Pelion," said Lewis, laughing, and

pointing at the almost bare bones that surmounted the rice.

Have housekeepers never found that conversation has often taken a turn which seemed doubly to aggravate after misfortunes?

The subject of coffee was discussed at dinner in all its various bearings; our guests were Europeans, and evidently *au fait* in its mysteries. One contended for Mocha, the other for Java; one was for infusion, another for decoction. The greatest traveller had drank it in Turkey, and seen persons employed in watching it while it was parching on tin plates, who took out each separate bean as it became brown enough; he argued that it should be pounded, not ground.

The other thought, and he thumped the table to add force to his assertion, that the French must have arrived at greater perfection than the Asiatics in this delicious beverage; and his eyes sparkled as if he were under its influence, as he described its richness and flavor when taken from the hands of a pretty *limonadière* at the *Café des Mille Colonnes* at Paris.

Papa threw down his gauntlet for home-made coffee, and boasted (papa sometimes boasted a little) of his last purchase of Mocha, and the superior skill with which it was made by Kate, who usually superintended it.

The conversation was prolonged throughout the sitting; indeed, until the beverage appeared in the drawing-room to assert its own claims, with its rich brown hue, its delightful perfume, and the vapor curling in beautiful wreaths from the gilt cups. As papa dipped his spoon in his cup, a glance told him that the chemical affinities were all rightly adjusted to the palate. It was tasted—*ough!* There was a moment's silence; Lewis looked ready for laughter; Anna and I were distressed; papa was angry; and our guests, with their eyes fixed on the carpet, were doubtless ruminating on Turkey and France. The taste was so utterly abominable, that papa was alarmed and summoned Kate.

"Kate," said papa, "what have you put in the coffee?"

"Me an't put nottin' tall in 'em, sir. He mak like he always been mak."

"Did you grind or pound it?"

"He de poun', sir."

"In what?"

"In de mortor, sir."

"Go and ask the cook what was in the mortor."

Little was said during Kate's absence; we sat as solemn as members of the Inquisition. Kate entered.

"De cook say he spec' he lef *lecttle* bit pepper and salt in de mortor."

Our visitors soon departed, probably minuting on their journals that Americans season their coffee with pepper and salt.

The cook was then summoned to his trial. Papa eyed him sternly, and said,

"You call yourself a French cook, do you?"

"No, sir; maussa and de 'vertise call me French cook. I follows de mason trade, but didn't want to disoblige nobody."

In the sequel, Cuffee repaired our dilapidated chimneys, while a less pretending cook performed her duties better.

The distance of the kitchen from the house at the South often repulses housekeepers, both in cold and

\* Bacon and rice.

warm weather, from visiting it frequently; indeed, a young woman often feels herself an intruder, and as if she had but half a right to pry into the affairs of the negroes in the yard. In my rare visits, I was struck by one mode of fattening poultry. Two fine-looking turkeys were always kept tied to a part of the dresser, and fed by the cook, who talked to them by name, partly as pets and partly as victims, as they picked up the crumbs at her feet. On another occasion, I found her applying a live coal to the tail of a turtle; I exclaimed against her cruelty.

"He too stubborn, Miss Nelly."

As she spoke, he put out his head, which was her object, and a sharp knife being near, terminated his troubles by decapitation.

Some of the mistakes that occurred in mamma's abode were as ludicrous as mortifying.

One day, as a field-boy was scrubbing the entry leading to the street door, I heard his voice in pretty strong remonstrance. Supposing him to be talking with a fellow-servant, I took no notice of it until I heard him roar out at the foot of the stairs, in a tremendous passion—

"Miss Neely, one buckra woman want for track up all de clean floor."

I ran down as rapidly as I could, and found the elegant Miss Lawton on the off side of his tub of water, held in abeyance by Titus's scrubbing-brush.

The social and agreeable habit of calling at tea-time is almost peculiar to Charleston. One evening, having several extra guests, Titus was summoned to carry the cake-tray. Long acquaintance and Lewis's jocose manner made him feel on particularly easy terms with him; and as Lewis was helping himself, Titus called to me—

"Miss Neely, if Maus Lewis tak two piece of cake, he an't lef enough for sarve all."

Passing from Lewis, he came to a gentleman who was occupied in looking at the paper to ascertain a point of intelligence; and seeing him thus engaged, Titus took up a piece of toast carefully with his

thumb and finger, and laid it on a plate in the gentleman's lap.

Having served us all, he deposited the tray on a table, and stood still.

After due time I said, "Hand the cake round, Titus."

Titus approached the table, took hold of the cake-basket with an air of importance, and deliberately turned it round, almost wrenching his arm in his attempt to do it thoroughly; and then, with a satisfied air, retreated.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was amusing myself, one morning, by seeing Patsey's efforts to get her big toe into her mouth, as she lay upon the floor, for her figure was too rotund to admit of walking. Puckering up her red lips with as intense an interest as if the world depended on the effort, she at length succeeded, and smacked them with a flavourous relish. As I began to frolic with her, she showed her teeth, white as rice-grains, and her round, fresh laugh rang out in musical peals; at length I jumped over her. Bimah, her nurse, caught me by the arm in anger, exclaiming,

"What for you ben walk over *my child*,\* Miss Neely? Just go back same fashion, or my child an't gain for grow no more agen."

I was really obliged to skip back to pacify her, but I soon offended anew by snatching her from her nurse's arms through the open window, as I stood on the piazza.

"My lor, Miss Neely," cried her nurse, "how you ben do sich a ting! Put Miss Patsey straight back; if you carry him trou one door fore you ben put 'em back, he just keep *leetle* so!"

It would be interesting to know the origin of these and other superstitions. Perhaps they have some more rational beginning than is dreamed of in our philosophy. No nurse at the South will allow a child to be carried to a looking-glass before it is a month old, and its infant sneeze must never be unanswered by "God bless you."



## MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. 1837.

A young fellow, a tobacco pedler by trade, was on his way from Morristown, where he had dealt largely with the Deacon of the Shaker settlement, to the village of Parker's Falls, on Salmon River. He had a neat little cart, painted green, with a box of cigars depicted on each side panel, and an Indian chief, holding a pipe and a golden tobacco stalk, on the rear. The pedler drove a smart little mare, and was a young man of excellent character, keen at a bargain, but none the worse liked by the Yankees; who, as I have heard them say, would rather be shaved with a sharp razor than a dull one. Especially was he beloved by the pretty girls along the Connecticut, whose favor he used to court by presents of the best smoking tobacco in his stock; knowing well that the country lasses of New England are generally great performers on pipes. Moreover, as will be seen in the course of my story, the pedler was inquisitive, and something of a tattler, always itching to hear the news, and anxious to tell it again.

After an early breakfast at Morristown, the to-

bacco pedler, whose name was Dominicus Pike, had travelled seven miles through a solitary piece of woods, without speaking a word to any body but himself and his little gray mare. It being nearly seven o'clock, he was as eager to hold a morning gossip, as a city shopkeeper to read the morning paper. An opportunity seemed at hand, when, after lighting a cigar with a sun-glass, he looked up, and perceived a man coming over the brow of the hill, at the foot of which the pedler had stopped his green cart. Dominicus watched him as he descended, and noticed that he carried a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick, and travelled with a weary, yet determined pace. He did not look as if he had started in the freshness of the morning, but had footed it all night, and meant to do the same all day.

"Good morning, mister," said Dominicus, when within speaking distance. "You go a pretty

\* This appellation is constantly given by negro nurses to the white children under their care.

good jog. What's the latest news at Parker's Falls?"

The man pulled the broad brim of a gray hat over his eyes, and answered rather sullenly, that he did not come from Parker's Falls, which, as being the limit of his own day's journey, the pedler had naturally mentioned in his inquiry.

"Well, then," rejoined Dominicus Pike, "let's have the latest news where you did come from. I'm not particular about Parker's Falls. Any place will answer."

Being thus importuned, the traveller—who was as ill-looking a fellow as one would desire to meet, in a solitary piece of woods—appeared to hesitate a little, as if he was either searching his memory for news, or weighing the expediency of telling it. At last mounting on the step of the cart, he whispered in the ear of Dominicus, though he might have shouted aloud, and no other mortal would have heard him.

"I do remember one little trifle of news," said he. "Old Mr. Higginbotham, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard, at eight o'clock last night, by an Irishman and a nigger. They strung him up to the branch of a St. Michael's pear-tree, where nobody would find him till the morning."

As soon as this horrible intelligence was communicated, the stranger betook himself to his journey again, with more speed than ever, not even turning his head when Dominicus invited him to smoke a Spanish cigar and relate all the particulars. The pedler whistled to his mare, and went up the hill, pondering on the doleful fate of Mr. Higginbotham, whom he had known in the way of trade, having sold him many a bunch of long nines, and a great deal of pigtail, lady's twist, and fig tobacco. He was rather astonished at the rapidity with which the news had spread. Kimballton was nearly sixty miles distant in a straight line; the murder had been perpetrated only at eight o'clock the preceding night; yet Dominicus had heard of it at seven in the morning, when, in all probability, poor Mr. Higginbotham's own family had but just discovered his corpse, hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. The stranger on foot must have worn seven-league boots, to travel at such a rate.

"Ill news flies fast, they say," thought Dominicus Pike; "but this beats railroads. The fellow ought to be hired to go express with the President's Message."

The difficulty was solved, by supposing that the narrator had made a mistake of one day, in the date of the occurrence; so that our friend did not hesitate to introduce the story at every tavern and country store along the road, expending a whole bunch of Spanish wrappers among at least twenty horrified audiences. He found himself invariably the first bearer of the intelligence, and was so pestered with questions that he could not avoid filling up the outline, till it became quite a respectable narrative. He met with one piece of corroborative evidence. Mr. Higginbotham was a trader; and a former clerk of his, to whom Dominicus related the facts, testified that the old gentleman was accustomed to return home through the orchard about nightfall, with the money and valuable papers of the store in his pocket. The clerk manifested but little grief at Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe, hinting what the pedler had discovered in his own dealings with him, that he was a crusty old fellow, as close as a vice. His property would descend to a pretty niece who was now keeping school in Kimballton.

What with telling the news for the public good, and driving bargains for his own, Dominicus was so much delayed on the road, that he chose to put up at a tavern, about five miles short of Parker's Falls. After supper, lighting one of his prime cigars, he seated himself in the bar room, and went through the story of the murder, which had grown so fast that it took him half an hour to tell. There were as many as twenty people in the room, nineteen of whom received it all for gospel. But the twentieth was an elderly farmer, who had arrived on horseback a short time before, and was now seated in a corner, smoking his pipe. When the story was concluded, he rose up very deliberately, brought his chair right in front of Dominicus, and stared him full in the face, puffing out the vilest tobacco smoke the pedler had ever smelt.

"Will you make affidavit," demanded he, in the tone of a country justice taking an examination, "that old Squire Higginbotham of Kimballton was murdered in his orchard the night before last, and found hanging on his great pear-tree yesterday morning?"

"I tell the story as I heard it, mister," answered Dominicus, dropping his half-burnt cigar; "I don't say that I saw the thing done. So I can't take my oath that he was murdered exactly in that way."

"But I can take mine," said the farmer, "that if Squire Higginbotham was murdered night before last, I drank a glass of bitters with his ghost this morning. Being a neighbor of mine, he called me into his store, as I was riding by, and treated me, and then asked me to do a little business for him on the road. He didn't seem to know any more about his own murder than I did."

"Why, then it can't be a fact!" exclaimed Dominicus Pike.

"I guess he'd have mentioned, if it was," said the old farmer; and he removed his chair back to the corner, leaving Dominicus quite down in the mouth.

Here was a sad resurrection of old Mr. Higginbotham! The pedler had no heart to mingle in the conversation any more, but comforted himself with a glass of gin and water, and went to bed, where, all night long he dreamed of hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. To avoid the old farmer (whom he so detested, that his suspension would have pleased him better than Mr. Higginbotham's), Dominicus rose in the gray of the morning, put the little mare into the green cart, and trotted swiftly away towards Parker's Falls. The fresh breeze, the dewy road, and the pleasant summer dawn revived his spirits, and might have encouraged him to repeat the old story, had there been any body awake to hear it. But he met neither ox team, light wagon, chaise, horseman, nor foot traveller, till just as he crossed Salmon River, a man came trudging down to the bridge with a bundle over his shoulder, on the end of a stick.

"Good morning, mister," said the pedler, reining in his mare. "If you come from Kimballton or that neighborhood, may be you can tell me the real fact about this affair of old Mr. Higginbotham. Was the old fellow actually murdered two or three nights ago, by an Irishman and a nigger?"

Dominicus had spoken in too great a hurry to observe, at first, that the stranger himself had a deep tinge of negro blood. On hearing this sudden question, the Ethiopian appeared to change his skin, its yellow hue becoming a ghastly white, while, shaking and stammering, he thus replied:—

"No! no! There was no colored man! It was an Irishman that hanged him last night, at eight o'clock. I came away at seven! His folks can't have looked for him in the orchard yet."

Scarcely had the yellow man spoken, when he interrupted himself, and though he seemed weary enough before, continued his journey at a pace which would have kept the pedler's mare on a smart trot. Dominicus stared after him in great perplexity. If the murder had not been committed till Tuesday night, who was the prophet that had foretold it, in all its circumstances, on Tuesday morning? If Mr. Higginbotham's corpse were not yet discovered by his own family, how came the mulatto, at above thirty miles' distance, to know that he was hanging in the orchard, especially as he had left Kimballton before the unfortunate man was hanged at all? These ambiguous circumstances, with the stranger's surprise and terror, made Dominicus think of raising a hue and cry after him, as an accomplice in the murder; since a murder, it seemed, had really been perpetrated.

"But let the poor devil go," thought the pedler. "I don't want his black blood on my head; and hanging the nigger wouldn't unhang Mr. Higginbotham. Unhang the old gentleman! It's a sin, I know; but I should hate to have him come to life a second time, and give me the lie!"

With these meditations, Dominicus Pike drove into the street of Parker's Falls, which, as every body knows, is as thriving a village as three cotton factories and a slitting mill can make it. The machinery was not in motion, and but a few of the shop doors unbarred, when he alighted in the stable yard of the tavern, and made it his first business to order the mare four quarts of oats. His second duty, of course, was to impart Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe to the ostler. He deemed it advisable, however, not to be too positive as to the date of the direful fact, and also to be uncertain whether it were perpetrated by an Irishman and a mulatto, or by the son of Erin alone. Neither did he profess to relate it on his own authority, or that of any one

person; but mentioned it as a report generally diffused.

The story ran through the town like fire among girdled trees, and became so much the universal talk, that nobody could tell whence it had originated. Mr. Higginbotham was as well known at Parker's Falls, as any citizen of the place, being part owner of the slitting mill, and a considerable stockholder in the cotton factories. The inhabitants felt their own prosperity interested in his fate. Such was the excitement, that the Parker's Falls Gazette anticipated its regular day of publication, and came out with half a form of blank paper and a column of double pica emphasized with capitals, and headed **HORRID MURDER OF MR. HIGGINBOTHAM!** Among other dreadful details, the printed account described the mark of the cord round the dead man's neck, and stated the number of thousand dollars of which he had been robbed; there was much pathos also about the affliction of his niece, who had gone from one fainting fit to another, ever since her uncle was found hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree with his pockets inside out. The village poet likewise commemorated the young lady's grief in seventeen stanzas of a ballad. The selectmen held a meeting, and, in consideration of Mr. Higginbotham's claims on the town, determined to issue handbills, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of his murderers, and the recovery of the stolen property.

Meanwhile, the whole population of Parker's Falls, consisting of shopkeepers, mistresses of boarding-houses, factory girls, millmen, and schoolboys, rushed into the street, and kept up such a terrible loquacity, as more than compensated for the silence of the cotton machines, which refrained from their usual din out of respect to the deceased. Had Mr. Higginbotham cared about posthumous renown, his untimely ghost would have exulted in this tumult. Our friend Dominicus, in his vanity of heart, forgot his intended precautions, and mounting on the town pump, announced himself as the bearer of the authentic intelligence which had caused so wonderful



a sensation. He immediately became the great man of the moment, and had just begun a new edition of the narrative, with a voice like a field preacher, when the mail stage drove into the village street. It had travelled all night, and must have shifted horses at Kimballton, at three in the morning.

"Now we shall hear all the particulars," shouted the crowd.

The coach rumbled up to the piazza of the tavern, followed by a thousand people; for if any man had been minding his own business till then, he now left it at sixes and sevens, to hear the news. The pedler, foremost in the race, discovered two passengers, both of whom had been startled from a comfortable nap, to find themselves in the centre of a mob. Every man assailing them with separate questions, all propounded at once, the couple were struck speechless, though one was a lawyer and the other a young lady.

"Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham! Tell us the particulars about old Mr. Higginbotham!" bawled the mob. "What is the coroner's verdict? Are the murderers apprehended? Is Mr. Higginbotham's niece come out of her fainting fits? Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham!!"

The coachman said not a word, except to swear awfully at the ostler for not bringing him a fresh team of horses. The lawyer inside had generally his wits about him, even when asleep; the first thing he did, after learning the cause of the excitement, was to produce a large, red pocket-book. Meantime, Dominicus Pike, being an extremely polite young man, and also suspecting that a female tongue would tell the story as glibly as a lawyer's, had handed the lady out of the coach. She was a fine, smart girl, now wide awake and bright as a button, and had such a sweet pretty mouth, that Dominicus would almost as lief have heard a love tale from it as a tale of murder.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the lawyer, to the shopkeepers, the millmen, and the factory girls, "I can assure you that some unaccountable mistake, or, more probably, a wilful falsehood, maliciously contrived to injure Mr. Higginbotham's credit, has excited this singular uproar. We passed through Kimballton at three o'clock this morning, and most certainly should have been informed of the murder, had any been perpetrated. But I have proof nearly as strong as Mr. Higginbotham's own oral testimony, in the negative. Here is a note, relating to a suit of his in the Connecticut courts, which was delivered me from that gentleman himself. I find it dated at ten o'clock last evening."

So saying, the lawyer exhibited the date and signature of the note, which irrefragably proved, either that this perverse Mr. Higginbotham was alive when he wrote it, or,—as some deemed the more probable case, of two doubtful ones,—that he was so absorbed in worldly business as to continue to transact it, even after his death. But unexpected evidence was forthcoming. The young lady, after listening to the pedler's explanation, merely seized a moment to smooth her gown and put her curls in order, and then appeared at the tavern door, making a modest signal to be heard.

"Good people," said she, "I am Mr. Higginbotham's niece."

A wondering murmur passed through the crowd, on beholding her so rosy and bright; that same unhappy niece, whom they had supposed, on the

authority of the Parker's Falls Gazette, to be lying at death's door in a fainting fit. But some shrewd fellows had doubted, all along, whether a young lady would be quite so desperate at the hanging of a rich old uncle.

"You see," continued Miss Higginbotham, with a smile, "that this strange story is quite unfounded, as to myself; and I believe I may affirm it to be equally so, in regard to my dear uncle Higginbotham. He has the kindness to give me a home in his house, though I contribute to my own support by teaching a school. I left Kimballton this morning to spend the vacation of commencement week with a friend, about five miles from Parker's Falls. My generous uncle, when he heard me on the stairs, called me to his bedside, and gave me two dollars and fifty cents, to pay my stage fare, and another dollar for my extra expenses. He then laid his pocket-book under his pillow, shook hands with me, and advised me to take some biscuit in my bag, instead of breakfasting on the road. I feel confident, therefore, that I left my beloved relative alive, and trust that I shall find him so on my return."

The young lady courtesied at the close of her speech, which was so sensible, and well worded, and delivered with such grace and propriety, that every body thought her fit to be preceptress of the best academy in the State. But a stranger would have supposed that Mr. Higginbotham was an object of abhorrence at Parker's Falls, and that a thanksgiving had been proclaimed for his murder; so excessive was the wrath of the inhabitants, on learning their mistake. The millmen resolved to bestow public honors on Dominicus Pike, only hesitating whether to tar and feather him, ride him on a rail, or refresh him with an ablution at the town pump, on the top of which he had declared himself the bearer of the news. The select men, by advice of the lawyer, spoke of prosecuting him for a misdemeanor, in circulating unfounded reports, to the great disturbance of the peace of the commonwealth. Nothing saved Dominicus, either from mob law or a court of justice, but an eloquent appeal made by the young lady in his behalf. Addressing a few words of heartfelt gratitude to his benefactress, he mounted the green cart and rode out of town, under a discharge of artillery from the schoolboys, who found plenty of ammunition in the neighboring clay pits and mud holes. As he turned his head, to exchange a farewell glance with Mr. Higginbotham's niece, a ball, of the consistence of hasty pudding, hit him slap in the mouth, giving him a most grim aspect. His whole person was so bespattered with the like filthy missiles, that he had almost a mind to ride back and supplicate for the threatened ablution at the town pump; for, though not meant in kindness, it would now have been a deed of charity.

However, the sun shone bright on poor Dominicus, and the mud, an emblem of all stains of undeserved opprobrium, was easily brushed off when dry. Being a funny rogue, his heart soon cheered up; nor could he refrain from a hearty laugh at the uproar which his story had excited. The handbills of the selectmen would cause the commitment of all the vagabonds in the State; the paragraph in the Parker's Falls Gazette would be reprinted from Maine to Florida, and perhaps form an item in the London newspapers; and many a miser would tremble for his money bags and life, on learning the catastrophe of Mr. Higginbotham. The pedler me-



ditated with much fervor on the charms of the young schoolmistress, and swore that Daniel Webster never spoke nor looked so like an angel as Miss Higginbotham, while defending him from the wrathful populace at Parker's Falls.

Dominicus was now on the Kimballton turnpike, having all along determined to visit that place, though business had drawn him out of the most direct road from Morristown. As he approached the scene of the supposed murder, he continued to revolve the circumstances in his mind, and was astonished at the aspect which the whole case assumed. Had nothing occurred to corroborate the story of the first traveller, it might now have been considered as a hoax; but the yellow man was evidently acquainted either with the report or the fact; and there was a mystery in his dismayed and guilty look on being abruptly questioned. When, to this singular combination of incidents, it was added that the rumor tallied exactly with Mr. Higginbotham's character and habits of life; and that he had an orchard, and a St. Michael's pear tree, near which he always passed at nightfall; the circumstantial evidence appeared so strong that Dominicus doubted whether the autograph produced by the lawyer, or even the niece's direct testimony, ought to be equivalent. Making cautious inquiries along the road, the pedler further learned that Mr. Higginbotham had in his service an Irishman of doubtful character, whom he had hired without a recommendation, on the score of economy.

"May I be hanged myself," exclaimed Dominicus Pike aloud, on reaching the top of a lonely hill, "if I'll believe old Higginbotham is unchanged, till I see him with my own eyes, and hear it from his own mouth! And as he's a real shaver, I'll have the minister or some other responsible man, for an indorsement."

who trotted through the gate a few rods in advance of him, nodded to the toll gatherer, and kept on towards the village. Dominicus was acquainted with the tollman, and while making change, the usual remarks on the weather passed between them.

"I suppose," said the pedler, throwing back his whiplash, to bring it down like a feather on the mare's flank, "you have not seen any thing of old Mr. Higginbotham within a day or two?"

"Yes," answered the toll gatherer. "He passed the gate just before you drove up, and yonder he rides now, if you can see him through the dusk. He's been to Woodfield this afternoon attending a sheriff's sale there. The old man generally shakes hands and has a little chat with me; but to-night, he nodded,—as if to say, 'charge my toll,'—and jogged on; for wherever he goes, he must always be at home by eight o'clock."

"So they tell me," said Dominicus.

"I never saw a man look so yellow and thin as the squire does," continued the toll gatherer. "Says I to myself, to-night, he's more like a ghost or an old mummy than good flesh and blood."

The pedler strained his eyes through the twilight, and could just discern the horseman now far ahead on the village road. He seemed to recognize the rear of Mr. Higginbotham; but through the evening shadows, and amid the dust from the horse's feet, the figure appeared dim and unsubstantial; as if the shape of the mysterious old man were faintly moulded of darkness and gray light. Dominicus shivered.

"Mr. Higginbotham has come back from the other world, by way of the Kimballton turnpike," thought he.

He shook the reins and rode forward, keeping about the same distance in the rear of the gray old



It was growing dusk when he reached the toll house on Kimballton turnpike, about a quarter of a mile from the village of this name. His little mare was fast bringing him up with a man on horseback,

shadow, till the latter was concealed by a bend of the road. On reaching this point, the pedler no longer saw the man on horseback, but found himself at the head of the village street, not far from

a number of stores and two taverns, clustered round the meeting-house steeple. On his left were a stone wall and a gate, the boundary of a wood lot, beyond which lay an orchard, farther still, a mowing field, and last of all, a house. These were the premises of Mr. Higginbotham, whose dwelling stood beside the old highway, but had been left in the background by the Kimballton turnpike. Dominicus knew the place; and the little mare stopped short by instinct; for he was not conscious of tightening the reins.

"For the soul of me, I cannot get by this gate!" said he, trembling. "I never shall be my own man again, till I see whether Mr. Higginbotham is hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree!"

He leaped from the cart, gave the rein a turn round the gate post, and ran along the green path of the wood lot, as if Old Nick were chasing behind. Just then the village clock tolled eight, and as each deep stroke fell, Dominicus gave a fresh bound and flew faster than before, till, dim in the solitary centre of the orchard, he saw the fated pear tree. One great branch stretched from the old contorted trunk across the path, and threw the darkest shadow on that one spot. But something seemed to struggle beneath the branch!

The pedler had never pretended to more courage than befits a man of peaceable occupation, nor could he account for his valor on this awful emergency. Certain it is, however, that he rushed for-

ward, prostrated a sturdy Irishman with the butt end of his whip, and found — not indeed hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree, but trembling beneath it, with a halter round his neck—the old identical Mr. Higginbotham!

"Mr. Higginbotham," said Dominicus, tremulously, "you're an honest man, and I'll take your word for it. Have you been hanged, or not?"

If the riddle be not already guessed, a few words will explain the simple machinery by which this "coming event" was made to "cast its shadow before." Three men had plotted the robbery and murder of Mr. Higginbotham; two of them, successively, lost courage and fled, each delaying the crime one night, by their disappearance; the third was in the act of perpetration, when a champion, blindly obeying the call of fate, like the heroes of old romance, appeared in the person of Dominicus Pike.

It only remains to say, that Mr. Higginbotham took the pedler into high favor, sanctioned his addresses to the pretty schoolmistress, and settled his whole property on their children, allowing themselves the interest. In due time, the old gentleman capped the climax of his favors, by dying a Christian death, in bed, since which melancholy event, Dominicus Pike has removed from Kimballton, and established a large tobacco manufactory in my native village.

## THE GREAT CHARTER CONTEST IN GOTHAM

FROM THE "MOTLEY BOOK." BY CORNELIUS MATHEWS. 1838.

THERE is a particular season of the year in the city of New York, when ragamuffins and vagabonds take a sudden rise in respectability; when a tarpaulin hat is viewed with the same mysterious regard as the crown of an emperor, and the uncombed locks of a wharf rat or river vagrant, looked upon with as much veneration as if they belonged to Apollo in his brightest moments of inspiration. At this singular and peculiar period in the calendar, all the higher classes, by a wonderful readiness and felicity of condescension, step down from their pedestals and smilingly meet the vulgar gentry, half way up, in their progress to the beautiful tableland of refinement and civilization.

About this time, gloves go out of repute, and an astonishing shaking of dirty fists takes place all over the metropolis. It is a sight to electrify the heart of a philanthropist to behold a whole community, in a state of such perfect Arcadian innocence, that all meet on terms of familiar affection, where smile responds to smile with equal warmth, though one may dimple a clean countenance, and the other force its pellucid way through a fog of earthly particles. Happy, golden time!

Reader, if you chance not to comprehend philosophically this sweet condition of things, be informed that a Charter Election comes on next month!

The charter contest of the year eighteen hundred and —, is perhaps the fiercest on record in the chronicles of New York. Several minor skirmishes took place with regard to aldermen, assessors, and constables, but the main brunt and heat of the engagement fell upon the election of a Mayor to

preside over the portentous destinies of the metropolis during a twelvemonth.

It seemed, from the grounds on which it was fought, to be the old battle of patrician and plebeian. On one side, the candidate was Herbert Hickock, Esquire, a wholesale auctioneer and tolerably good Latin scholar; a gentleman who sallied forth every morning at nine o'clock, from a fashionable residence in Broadway, dressed in a neat and gentlemanly suit of black, an immaculate pair of gloves, large white ruffles in his bosom, and a dapper cane in his hand.

Opposed to him, as a candidate for the Mayoralty, was a retired shoemaker, affectionately and familiarly known as Bill Snivel. He was particularly celebrated for the amount of unclean garments he was able to arrange about his person, a rusty, swaggering hat, and a rugged style of English with which he garnished his conversation. The great principles on which the warfare was waged were on the one hand, that tidy apparel is an indisputable evidence of a foul and corrupt code of principles; and on the other, that to be poor and unclean, denotes a total deprivation of the reasoning faculties.

So that the leading object of the Bill Snivel party seemed to be to discover Mr. Hickock in some act of personal uncleanliness or cacography; while the Hickock party as strenuously bent all their energies to the detection of Mr. Bill Snivel in the use of good English or unexceptionable linen. The names with which they mutually christened each other exhibit the depth and strength of their feelings on this point. The one was known as the Silk-stock-

ing gentry; the other by the comprehensive appellation of the Loafers.

At the approach of a New York charter election, it is truly astonishing how great a curiosity springs up as to the personal habits of the gentlemen presented on either side as candidates. The most excruciating anxiety appears to seize the community to learn certain little biographical incidents as to the birth, parentage, morals, and the every-day details of his life. In truth, on this occasion, the wardrobe of one of the nominees had been so often and so facetiously alluded to by two or three of the newspapers, that the Bill Snivel General Vigilance Committee had felt it their duty to furnish one of their members with a large double telescope—which he planted (by resolution of the Committee), every night and morning directly opposite the chamber window of Herbert Hickock, Esquire, with the laudable purpose of discovering in an authentic way, what were that candidate's habits of dress. A manuscript report of his ingenious observations, it is said, was circulated freely among the members of the committee. No copy, that I have learned, has ever found its way to the press. As every one knows, the advent of an election creates a general and clamorous demand for full-grown young men of twenty-one years of age. To meet this demand, a surprising cultivation of beards took place among the Hickock youth, who happened to want a few days or months of that golden period.

Furthermore, a large number of Bill Snivel voters in the upper wards of the city, became suddenly consumptive, and were forced to repair for the benefit of their health to the more southern and genial latitudes of the first, second, and third wards; and the Hickock men residing in those wards were seized as suddenly with alarming bilious symptoms, which compelled them to emigrate abruptly to the more vigorous and bracing regions in the northern part of the island. Pleasant aquatic excursions, too, were undertaken by certain gentlemen of the Bill Snivel tinge of politics (whose proper domicils were at Hartford and Haverstraw), and they came sailing down the North and East Rivers, in all kinds of craft, on visits to their metropolitan brethren, and dropped their compliments in the shape of small folded papers, in square green boxes with a slit in the top.

To keep up the spirit of the contest, several hundreds of the Silk-stocking men packed themselves regularly every night into a large, oblong room, and presented a splendid collection of fine coats and knowing faces—like a synod of grave herrings in a firkin—to the contemplation of sundry small men with white pocket handkerchiefs and bad colds, who, in turn, came forward and apostrophized a striped flag and balcony of boys on the opposite wall.

Certain other hundreds of the Bill Snivel men regaled themselves in a similar way, in another large oblong room, except that the gentlemen who came forward to them served themselves up in spotted silk handkerchiefs—voices a key louder—noses a thought larger—and faces a tinge redder than their rivals. The former occasionally quoted Latin, and the latter took snuff. With regard to the noises which now and then emanated from the lungs of the respective assemblages—there was more music in the shouts and vociferations of the Hickock meetings—more vigor and rough energy in the Bill Snivel. If a zoological distinction might be made,

the Bill Snivel voice resembled that of a cage-full of hungry young tigers slightly infuriated, while the Hickock seemed to be modelled on the clamor of an old lion after dinner. Each meeting had some particular oratorical favorite. In one, a slim man was in the habit of exhibiting a long sallow face at eight o'clock every evening, between a pair of tall sperm candles, and solemnly declaring that—the country was ruined, and that he was obliged to pay twelve and a half cents a pound for liver! At the Bill Snivel, a short, stout man with an immense bony fist, was accustomed about half an hour later to appear on a high platform—and announce in a stentorian voice, that “the people was on its own legs again,” which was rather surprising when we know how fond some people are of getting into other people's boots; and that “the Democracy was carrying the country before it,” which was also a profound postulate meaning—the Democracy was carrying the Democracy before it—they constituting the country at all times, and the country at all times constituting them!

In the mean time, Committee men of all sorts and descriptions are at work in rooms of every variety of wall and dimension. The whole city is covered with handbills, caricatures, manifestoes, exposures, pointed facts, neat little scraps of personal history, and various other pages of diverting political literature. Swarms cluster about the polls; banners stream from windows, cords, and housetops. A little man rides about on the box of an enormous wagon, blowing a large brass trumpet, and waving a white linen flag with a catching inscription—and he labors at the trumpet till he blows his face out of shape and his hat off his head, and waves the flag until it seems to be a signal of distress thrown out by the poor little man with the brass trumpet, just as he has broken his wind and is sinking with exhaustion. Scouring Committees beat furiously through the wards in every direction. Diving, like sharks, into cellars, they bring up, as it were between their teeth, wretched scare-crow creatures who stare about when introduced to daylight, as if it were as great a novelty to them as roast beef. Ascending into garrets, like mounting hawks, they bear down in their clutches trembling old men who had vegetated in those dry, airy elevations apparently during a whole century. Prominent among the bustling busy-bodies of the hour, is Fahrenheit Flapdragon, member of the Hickock General Committee, the Hickock Vigilance Ward Committee, the Advertising Committee, the Wharf Committee, the Committee on Flags and Decorations, the Committee on Tar-barrels and tinder boxes, one of the Grand General Committee on drinking gin-slings and cigar-smoking, and member of the Committee on noise and applause. By dint of energetic manoeuvring, Flapdragon had likewise succeeded in being appointed chairman of a single Committee, viz.—that on chairs and benches. He attained this enviable elevation (the performance of the arduous duties of which drew upon him the eyes of the whole ward and the carpenter who furnished the benches!) through the votes of a majority of the Committee of five—one of whom was his brother-in-law, and the other his business partner. The casting vote he had himself given judiciously, in his own favor. Fahrenheit Flapdragon bore a conspicuous part in the great Charter Contest, now waging between Hickock and Snivel. In fact, he was so embarrassed with engagements during this hot-

blooded contest election, that he was compelled to furnish himself with a long-legged gray horse early on the morning of the second day, to carry him about with sufficient rapidity from point to point to meet them as they sprang up. The little man, of a truth, was so tossed and driven about by his various self-imposed duties in the committee-rooms, streets, and along the wharves, that he came well nigh going stark mad. During the day, he hurried up and down the streets, from poll to poll, bearing tidings from one to the other—distributing tickets—cheering on the little boys to shout, and placing big men in the passages to stop the ingress of Bill Snivel voters; I say, during the day he posted from place to place on his lank gray nag, with such fury that many sober people thought he had lost his wits, and was hunting for them on horseback in this distracted manner.

At night, what with drinking gin-slings and brandy-and-water at the bar to encourage the vagabonds that stood looking wistfully on—talking red-hot Hickock politics to groups of four, five, and six—and bawling applause at the different public meetings he attended—he presented at the close of the day's services, such a personal appearance that any one might have supposed he had stayed in an oven till the turning point between red and brown arrived, and then jumped out and walked home with the utmost possible velocity to keep up his color. There are seventeen wards in the city, and every ward has its Fahrenheit Flapdragon.

While these busy little committee-men are bustling and hurrying about, parties of voters are constantly arriving on foot, in coaches, barouches, open wagons, and omnibuses, accompanied by some electioneering friend who brings them up to the polls. Every hour the knots about the door swell, until they fill the street. In the interior of the building, meanwhile, a somewhat different scene presents itself. Behind a counter, on three wooden stools, three men are perched with a green box planted in front of the one in the centre, and an officer with a staff at either end. The small piece of green furniture thus guarded is the ballot box, and all sorts of humanity are every moment arriving and depositing their votes. Besides the officers, two or three fierce-looking men stand around the box on either side, and challenge in the most determined manner every suspicious person of the opposite politics. "I challenge that man's vote," says one, as a ragged young fellow with a dirty face and strong odor of brandy approaches. "I don't believe he is entitled to a vote." "Yes, he is," replies another, "I know him—he's a good citizen. But you may swear him if you choose!" At this, the vagabond is pushed up to the counter by one of his political friends—his hat is knocked off by an officer—the chief inspector presents an open Bible, at which the vagabond stares as if it were a stale codfish instead of the gospels—a second friend raises his hand for him, and places it on the book—and the chief inspector is about to swear him—when the Hickock challenger cries out, "Ask him if he understands the nature of an oath!" "What is an oath?" asks the inspector solemnly. "D—n your eyes!" hiccups the young Bill Snivel voter.

"Take him out!" shouts the inspector, and the officers in attendance, each picking up a portion of his coat collar, hurry him away with inconceivable rapidity through a back door into the street, and dismiss him with a hearty punch of their staves in the small of his back.

All over the city, wherever a square inch of floor or pavement can be obtained—in bar-rooms, hotels, streets, newspaper offices—animated conversations are got up between the Hickock gentry and the Bill Snivel men.

"If dandy Hickock gets in," says a squint-eyed man with a twisted nose, "I've got a rooster-pigeon—I'll pick his feathers bare, stick a pipestem in his claw, friz his top-knot, and offer him as a stump-candidate for next Mayor."

"Can your rooster-pigeon spell his own name, Crossfire?" asked a tall Hickock street inspector. "If he can't, you'd better put him a quarter under Bill Snivel. It would be as good as an infant school for him!"

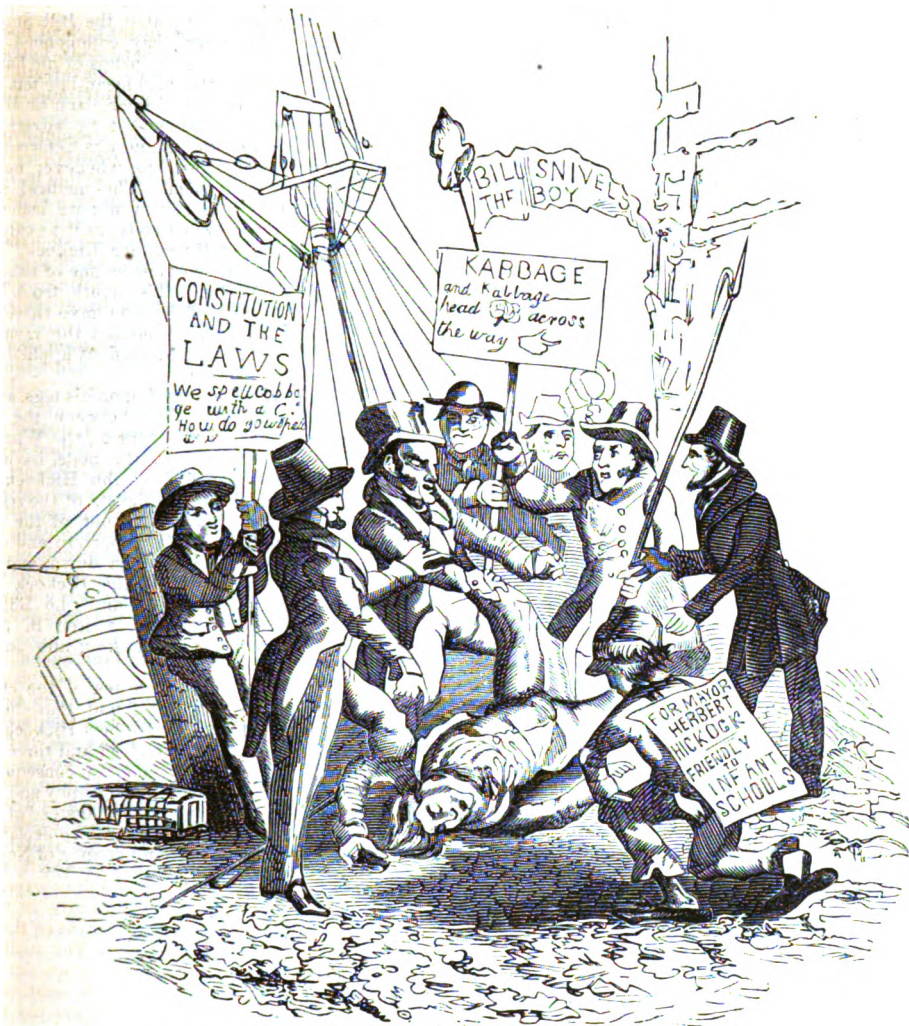
"I think I'd better take my little Bantam-cock," retorted the squint-eyed man; "he's got a fine comb which would answer for shirt-ruffles," and the Bill Snivel auditors gave a clamorous shout.

"If he's got a comb," said the tall inspector, stooping towards the shouters, "it's more than what Bill Snivel's head has seen this two and forty years!" The Hickock gentry now sent up in turn a vigorous hurrah; and a couple of ragamuffins in the mob, who had been carrying on a little under-dialogue on their own account, now pitched into each other in the most lively manner, and after being allowed to phlebotomize each other very freely, were drawn apart by their respective coat tails, and carried to a neighboring pump.

The battle by no means ceases at the going down of the sun; for, besides the two large assemblages to which we have before alluded, there is in each ward a nightly meeting in some small room in the second story of a public house, where about one hundred and fifty miscellaneous human beings are entertained by sundry young attorneys and other spouters, practising the English language and trying the force of their lungs. At these meetings you will be sure (whenever you attend them) to meet with certain stereotyped faces—which are always there, always with the same smiling expression—and looking as if they were parts of the wainscoting or lively pieces of furniture, fixed there by the landlord to please his guests. The smiling gentlemen are office-seekers. In the corner, sitting on a table, you may observe a large puffed-out man, with red cheeks; he is anxious to obtain the appointment of beer-gauger under the corporation. Standing up by the fire place is a man with a dingy face and shivering person, who wishes to be weigher of coal, talking to a tall fellow who stoops in the shoulders like a buzzard, with a prying nose and eye, and a face as hard and round as paving-stone, who is making interest for reappointment as street inspector. There is also another, with a brown, tanned countenance, patriotically lamenting the decline of the good old Revolutionary spirit—who wants the office of leather inspector.

The most prominent man at these meetings is orator Bog, a personage whose reputation shoots up into a wonderful growth, during the three days of election, while his declamation is fresh, but which suddenly withers and wilts away, when the heat of the conflict has cooled. His eloquence is the peculiar offspring of those sunny little Republican hot beds, ward meetings.

He has just described the city as "split like a young eel from nose to tail by the diabolical and cruel knife of those modern Catilines," the aldermen of the city—they having recently run a main street through it north and south.



"These are the men," he exclaimed with an awful smile on his countenance, "these are the men that dare insult the democracy by appearing in public—like goslings—yes, like goslings!—with such articles as these on their legs!" and thrusting a pair of tongs—heretofore dexterously concealed under the skirts of his coat—into his hat, which stood upon the table before him, he drew out a pair of fine silk stockings, and swung them triumphantly over the heads of the mob, which screamed and clamored with huge delight at the spectacle. "And such articles as these!" he shouted, producing from the same receptacle a shirt about small enough for a yearling infant, with enormous green ruffles about large enough for a Patagonian.

"Look at it!" cried Bog, throwing it to one of the mob.

"It's pine shavings painted green," shouted the mob.

"Smell of it!" cried Bog.

"It's scented with assy-fetid-y!" vociferated the

ecstatic Bill Snivel men, and a hearty burst of laughter broke forth.

Several lusty vagabonds came near going into fits, when orator Bog facetiously though gravely stopped his nose with his thumb and finger, and remarked, "I think some one has brought a skunk into the room!"

The last hour of the last day of the Great Charter Contest has arrived. Every carman, every merchant's clerk, every negro with a freehold, every stevedore, every lamp-lighter, every street-sweeper, every vagrant, every vagabond has cast his vote.

Garret, cellar, sailor's boarding-house, shed, stable, sloop, steamboat, and dock-yard, have been ransacked, and not a human being on the great island of Manhattan has escaped the clutch of the Scouring and District Committees of the two great contending parties. At this critical moment, and as the sun began to look horizontally over the chimney-tops with a broad face, as if he laughed at the quarrels of Hickock gentry and Bill Snivel men,



two personages were prowling and prying along the wharf on the East River, like a brace of inquisitive snipe.

At the self same moment the eyes of both alighted on an object floating in the water; at the self same moment both sprang forward with a boat-hook in his hand and fastened upon the object of their mutual glances, one at the one extremity, the other at the other. In a time far less than it takes the north star to twinkle, the object was dragged on shore, and proved to be the body of a man enveloped in a fragmentary blue coat, roofless hat, and corduroy pantaloons.

"I claim him," said one of the boat-hook gentlemen, a member of the Seventh Ward Hickock Wharf Committee. "I saw him first! He's our voter by all that's fair."

"He wants a jug-full of being yours, my lad," retorted the other, a member of the Bill Snivel Wharf Committee. "He's too good a Christian to be yours—for don't you see he's jest been baptized."

"He's mine," responded the Hickock committee-man, "for my hook fastened in his collar and thereby saved his head—he couldn't vote without his head!"

"A timber head he must have if he'd vote the shirt-ruffle ticket," retorted the Bill Snivel committee-man.

By this time, a mob had gathered about the disputants, who stood holding the rescued body each by a leg with its head downward to let the water drain from its windpipe.

"Why, you land-lubbers," cried a medical student pushing his professional nose through the throng, "you'll give the man the apoplexy if you hold him that way just half a minute longer." In a trice after, a second medical student arrived, and hearing what the other had said, exclaimed: "It's the best thing you can do—hold him just as he is, or he's sure to get the dropsy." The mob, however, interfered—the man was laid on his back—and one of the medical students (who was propitious to the

Hickock code of politics) taking hold of one wrist—and the other (who advocated the Bill Snivel system) seizing the other, they commenced chafing his temples and rubbing the palms of his hands.

The Wharf Committee-men meantime felt inclined to renew the dispute as to their claim on the body of the half-drowned loafer, but by advice of the medical gentlemen, the claim was referred, to be settled by the man's own lips, whenever he should recover the use of them. The medical students chafed and rubbed, and every minute leaned down to the ear of the drowned body, as if to catch some favorable gnosis. "Hurrah for Hickock," shouted the man, opening his eyes just as one of the medical students had withdrawn his mouth from his ear. The Hickock portion of the mob gave three cheers. "Hurrah for Bill Snivel," shouted the resuscitated loafer, as the other medical student applied his lips to his organ of hearing.

The loafer was now raised upon his legs, and marshalled like some great hero between the medical students and the two members of the Wharf Committees, and borne towards the polls, having each hand alternately supplied by the Hickock people and the Bill Snivel with the tickets of the respective parties. They arrived at the door of the election room, with the body of this important and disputed voter, just one minute after sun down, and finding him thus to be of no value, the Hickock medical student and committee-man and the Bill Snivel student and committee-man, united in applying their feet to his flanks and kicking him out of the building!

In two or three days, the votes of the city were duly canvassed, and it was found that they stood for Bill Snivel, 13,000; for Herbert Hickock, 13,303—scattering 20. Three hundred and three learned Bill Snivel gentlemen having, in consequence of their limited knowledge of orthography and politics, voted for Bill Snivel for constable instead of Mayor! Herbert Hickock, Esq., was therefore declared duly elected Mayor of the city and county of New York.

## SKETCHES OF PARIS.

BY JOHN SANDERSON. 1838.

I must tell you how one lodges in Paris. A Hotel is a huge edifice, mostly in form of a parallelogram, and built around a paved court-yard, which serves as a landing for carriages as well as for persons on foot, and leads up to the apartments by one or more staircases. In the centre of the front wall is a wide door (a *porte cochère*) opening from the street; and just inside a lodge (a *concierge*) and a porter, who wakes night and day over the concerns of the establishment. This porter is an important individual, and holds about the same place in a Paris hotel that Cerberus holds—I leave you a place for the rhyme). He is usually a great rogue, a spy of the government, and a shoemaker; he cobbles the holes he makes in your boots, while his wife darns those she makes in your stockings. He is always a bad enemy and a useful friend, and you purchase his good will by money and condescensions, as a first minister's. He lets you rooms, he attends them, receives parcels, letters, messages,

runs errands, answers your visits, and fines you a shilling if you stay out after twelve; and his relation with many lodgers enables him to give you these services, I am ashamed to tell you how cheap. By proper attentions also to his wife, there will come to your bed every morning, at the hour you appoint, a cup of coffee or tea, and the entertainment of the lady's conversation while you sip it. Each story of a hotel is divided into apartments and rooms; that is, accommodations for whole families or individuals; distinction, and of course price, decreasing upwards. For example, he who lives a story lower down, thinks himself above you, and you in return consider him overhead below you. A third story in the Rue Castiglione or Rivoli is equal in rank to a second story any where else.

The Porter's Lodge is a little niche about eight feet square. It pays no rent, but receives a salary, usually of sixty dollars a year, from the proprietor. Our porter is a man of several talents. He tunes



pianos for ten sous, and plays at the "Petit Lazari," of a night for two francs. Indeed his whole family plays; his grandmother plays the "Mother of the Gracchi." He takes care too of his wife's father, but he dresses him up as a Pair de France, or a Doge, and makes a good deal out of him also. Besides, he has a dog which he expects soon to play the "Chien de Montargis," he is studying; and a magpie which plays already in the "Pie Voleuse." It is by these several industries that he is enabled to clean my boots once a day, take care of my room, and do all the domestic services required by a bachelor at six francs a month; and he has grown into good circumstances. But, alas, impartial fate knocks at the Porter's Lodge, as at the gates of the Louvre. He had an only son, who, in playing Collin last winter, a shepherd's part in a vaudeville, had to wear a pair of white muslin breeches in the middle of the inclement season, and he took cold and died of a *fluxion de poitrine*! The mother wept in telling this story, and then, some one coming in, she smiled.

One is usually a little shy of these hotels, at first sight; especially if one comes from the Broad Mountain. You take hold of an unwieldy knocker, you lift it up cautiously, and open flies the door six inches: you then push yourself through, and look about with a kind of a suspicious and sheepish look, and you see no one. At length, you discover an individual, who will not seem to take the least notice of you, till you intrude rather far; then he will accost you: *Que demandez-vous, Monsieur!*—I wish to see Mr. Smith. *Monsieur!*—*Monsieur, il ne demeure pas ici—Que tu en lâche!* exclaims the wife, *c'est Monsieur Smit.* *Oui, oui, oui—au quatrième, Monsieur, au-dessus de l'entresol;* and with this information, of which you understand not a syllable, you proceed up stairs, and there you ring all the bells to the garret; but no one knows Mr. Smith. Why don't you say *Mr. Smit*?

The houses here are by no means simple and uniform, as with us. The American houses are built, as ladies are dressed, all one way. First, there is a pair of rival saloons, which give themselves the air of parlors; and then there is a dining room, and corresponding chambers above to the third or fourth story; and an entry runs through the middle or along side, a mile or two without stopping; at the farthest end of which is the kitchen; so that one always stands upon the marble of the front door in December, until Kitty has travelled this distance to let one in. How many dinners have I seen frozen in their own sauces, how many lovers chilled, by this refrigeratory process?—Here if you just look at the knocker, the door, as if by some invisible hand, flies open; and when you descend, if you say "Cordon," just as Ali Baba said "Sesame," the door opens, and delivers you to the street. The houses too have private rooms, and secret doors, and intricate passages; and one can be said to be at home in one's own house. I would like to see any one find the way to a lady's boudoir. A thief designing to rob has to study beforehand the topography of each house; without which, he can no more unravel it than the Apocalypse. There are closets too and doors in many of the rooms unseen by the naked eye. If a gentleman is likely to be intruded on by the bailiff, he sinks into the earth; and a lady, if surprised in her dishabille or any such emergency, just disappears into the wall.

No private dwellings are known in Paris. A

style which gives entire families and individuals, at a price that would procure them very mean separate lodgings, the air of living in a great castle; and they escape by it, all that emulation about houses, and door servants, and street display, which brings so much fuss and expense in our cities. I have seen houses a little straitened, that were obliged to give Cæsar a coat to go to the door, another to bring in dinner, and another to curry the horses. To climb up to the second or third story is to be sure inconvenient; but once there your climbing ends. Parlors, bed-rooms, kitchen and all the rest are on the same level. In America you have the dinner in the cellar, and the cook in the garret; and nothing but ups and downs the whole day. Moreover, climbing is a disposition of our nature. "In our proper motion we ascend." See with what avidity we climb when we are boys; and we climb when we are old, because it reminds us of our boyhood. I have no doubt that the daily habit of climbing too has a good moral influence; it gives one dispositions to rise in the world. I ought to remark here, that persons in honest circumstances do not have kitchens in their own houses.

It is in favor of the French style not a little, that it improves the quality at least of one class of lodgers. Mean houses degrade men's habits, and lower their opinions of living. As for me, I like this Paris way, but I don't know why. I like to see myself under the same roof with my neighbors. One of them is a pretty woman, with the prettiest little foot imaginable; and only think of meeting this little foot, with which one has no personal acquaintance, three or four times a day on the staircase! Indeed, the solitude of a private dwelling begins to seem quite distressing. To be always with people one knows! It paralyzes activity, breeds selfishness and other disagreeable qualities. Solitary life has its vices too as well as any other. On the other hand, a community of living expands







Engraving by H. C. Smith from a photograph by M. B. Smith

*Geo. T. Morris.*

one's benevolent affections, begets hospitality, mutual forbearance, politeness, respect for public opinion, and keeps cross husbands from beating their wives, and *vice versa*. If Xantippe had lived in a French hotel, she would not have kept throwing things out of the window upon her husband's head. The domestic virtues are to be sure well enough in their way; but they are dull, and unless kept in countenance by good company, they go too soon to bed. Indeed that word "home," so sacred in the mouths of Englishmen, often means little else than dozing in an arm chair, listening to the squeaking of children, or dying of the vapors; at all events, the English are the people of the world most inclined to leave these sanctities of home. Here they are, by hundreds, running in quest of happiness all about Europe.

The manner of keeping Sunday is a subject of general censure amongst our American visitors at Paris. There is no visible difference between this day and the others, except that the gardens and public walks, the churches in the morning, and the ball rooms and theatres in the evening, are more than usually crowded. In London, the bells toll the

Sunday most solemnly; the theatres and dancing rooms are silent, and all the shops (but the gin shop) shut; yet the poor get drunk, and the equipages of the gentry parade their magnificence on Hyde Park, of a Sunday evening.

"How do you spend your Sundays," said a Frenchman, condoling with another, "in America?" He replied: "*Monsieur, je prends medecine.*" A Frenchman has a tormenting load of animal spirits that cannot live without employment: he has no idea of happiness in a calm; and it is not likely that he will remain "*endimanché chez-lui*" during the twelve hours of the day, or that his Sunday evenings would be better employed than in the theatre and ball room. This is my opinion; but I have great doubts whether a man ought to have an opinion of his own, when it does not correspond with that of others, who are notoriously wiser than himself. I cannot easily persuade myself, that nature has intended the whole of this life to be given up to a preparation for the next, else had she not given us all these means of enjoyment, all these "delicacies of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits and flowers, walks and the melody of birds."

## THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN AND HIS WATER LOTS.

BY GEORGE. P. MORRIS. 1839.

How much real comfort every one might enjoy, if he would be contented with the lot in which heaven has cast him, and how much trouble would be avoided if people would only "let well alone." A moderate independence, quietly and honestly procured, is certainly every way preferable even to immense possessions achieved by the wear and tear of mind and body so necessary to procure them. Yet there are very few individuals, let them be doing ever so well in the world, who are not always straining every nerve to do better; and this is one of the many causes why failures in business so frequently occur among us. The present generation seem unwilling to "realize" by slow and sure degrees; but choose rather to set their whole hopes upon a single cast, which either makes or mars them for ever!

Gentle reader, do you remember Monsieur Poopoo? He used to keep a small toy-store in Chatham, near the corner of Pearl-street. You *must* recollect him, of course. He lived there for many years, and was one of the most polite and accommodating of shopkeepers. When a juvenile, you have bought tops and marbles of him a thousand times. To be sure you have; and seen his vinegar-visage lighted up with a smile as you flung him the coppers; and you have laughed at his little straight queue and his dimity breeches, and all the other oddities that made up the every-day apparel of my little Frenchman. Ah, I perceive you recollect him now.

Well, then, there lived Monsieur Poopoo ever since he came from "dear, delightful Paris," as he was wont to call the city of his nativity—there he took in the pennies for his kickshaws—there he laid aside five thousand dollars against a rainy day—there he was as happy as a lark—and there, in all human probability, he would have been to this very day, a respected and substantial citizen, had he been willing to "let well alone." But Monsieur Poopoo had heard strange stories about the prodigious rise in real estate; and, having understood that most of

his neighbors had become suddenly rich by speculating in lots, he instantly grew dissatisfied with his own lot, forthwith determined to shut up shop, turn every thing into cash, and set about making money in right down earnest. No sooner said than done; and our quondam storekeeper a few days afterward attended an extensive sale of real estate, at the Merchants' Exchange.

There was the auctioneer, with his beautiful and inviting lithographic maps—all the lots as smooth and square and enticingly laid out as possible—and there were the speculators—and there, in the midst of them, stood Monsieur Poopoo.

"Here they are, gentlemen," said he of the hammer, "the most valuable lots ever offered for sale. Give me a bid for them?"

"One hundred each," said a bystander.

"One hundred!" said the auctioneer, "scarcely enough to pay for the maps. One hundred—going—and fifty—gone! Mr. H. they are yours. A noble purchase. You'll sell those same lots in less than a fortnight for fifty thousand dollars' profit!"

Monsieur Poopoo pricked up his ears at this, and was lost in astonishment. This was a much easier way certainly of accumulating riches than selling toys in Chatham street, and he determined to buy and mend his fortune without delay.

The auctioneer proceeded in his sale. Other parcels were offered and disposed of, and all the purchasers were promised immense advantages for their enterprise. At last, came a more valuable parcel than all the rest. The company pressed around the stand, and Monsieur Poopoo did the same.

"I now offer you, gentlemen, these magnificent lots, delightfully situated on Long-Island, with valuable water privileges. Property in fee—title indisputable—terms of sale, cash—deeds ready for delivery immediately after the sale. How much for them? Give them a start at something. How much?" The auctioneer looked around; there



Wm. Morris

On these solid media, however, no dominating strains exist, and all the strains die the same way, yet the  $\mu$  and  $\sigma$  of the  $\mu$  and  $\sigma$  of the gene  $\mu$  parallel their magnitude on that of  $\mu$  and  $\sigma$  of the gene.

low, for our "paid and unpaid Sundays," and a  
 party, coinciding with another "in Aid of  
 the Fair Grounds," *Messieurs, je prie vous de venir*.

And, in fact, has a representative load of an individual's  
 knowledge about how the employment market is  
 doing, in a sense, "a make-up" and it is not only  
 that, it is a "make-up" which is "a" "make-up"  
 of the hours of the day, or, but for the  
 "make-up" would be better employed than in the

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### 3. AND HIS WATER LOIS.

1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 26

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So, the first was the action taken with his horse and the linking into agriculture and the other was the fact that a substantial number of the gladiators passed the day in the arena where the spectators sat and there, in the setting of their story Mohamed Elzein.

ment," he thought, "what do I get offered for sale? Give me food for them?"

Ben. "One hundred," said the customer, "so my  
share's to pay for the crops." The farmer's dog  
said to the customer, "No, if they are yours, you

to a person, you can probably find a way to help  
 to prepare. You'll see these same things in less  
 than a month, by the first day of the year, as you will.

Wonsour, long oppressed at home, at last found  
 a way left in the desert. "It was a hour of  
 uncertainty, of humiliating need, that led  
 me to that strange step, and he who had been  
 my friend and his fortune were gone."

The ancient port place, both in Visakhapatnam and elsewhere, were formed and disposed of, and a few examples were mentioned, and discussed, in the course of the meeting. At the same time, it was pointed out that the port of the west of the country poses a different problem to that of Visakhapatnam. The latter is a

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By J. H. Smith, from a photograph by M. B. Smith

Geo. T. Morris.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO





were no bidders. At last he caught the eye of Monsieur Poopoo. "Did you say one hundred, sir? Beautiful lots—valuable water privileges—shall I say one hundred for you?"

"*Oui, Monsieur*; I will give you one hundred dollars a piece, for de lot vid de valuarble vatare privilege; *c'est ça*."

"Only one hundred a piece for these sixty valuable lots—only one hundred—going—going—going—gone!"

Monsieur Poopoo was the fortunate possessor. The auctioneer congratulated him—the sale closed—and the company dispersed.

"*Pardonnez moi, monsieur*," said Poopoo, as the auctioneer descended his pedestal, "you shall excusez moi, if I shall go to *votre bureau*, your counting-house, ver quick to make every ting sure wid respec to de lot vid de valuarble vatare privilege. Von leetle bird in de hand he vorth two in de tree, *c'est vrai—eh?*"

"Certainly, sir.

"Vell den, *allons*."

And the gentlemen repaired to the counting-house, where the six thousand dollars were paid, and the deeds of the property delivered. Monsieur Poopoo put these carefully in his pocket, and as he was about taking his leave, the auctioneer made him a present of the lithographic outline of the lots, which was a very liberal thing on his part, considering the nap was a beautiful specimen of that glorious art. Poopoo could not admire it sufficiently. There were his sixty lots as uniform as possible, and his little grey eyes sparkled like diamonds as they wandered from one end of the spacious sheet to the other.

Poopoo's heart was as light as a feather, and he snapped his fingers in the very wantonness of joy as he repaired to Delmonico's, and ordered the first good French dinner that had gladdened his palate since his arrival in America.

After having discussed his repast, and washed it down with a bottle of choice old claret, he resolved upon a visit to Long-Island to view his purchase. He consequently immediately hired a horse and gig, crossed the Brooklyn ferry, and drove along the margin of the river to the Wallabout, the location in question.

Our friend, however, was not a little perplexed to

find his property. Every thing on the map was as fair and even as possible, while all the grounds about him were as undulated as they could well be imagined, and there was an elbow of the East-river thrusting itself quite into the ribs of the land, which seemed to have no business there. This puzzled the Frenchman exceedingly; and being a stranger in those parts, he called to a farmer in an adjacent field.

"*Mon ami*, are you acquaint vid dis part of de country—eh?"

"Yes, I was born here, and know every inch of it."

"Ah, *c'est bien*, dat vill do," and the Frenchman got out of the gig, tied the horse, and produced his lithographic map.

"Den maybe you vill have de kindness to show me de sixty lot vich I have bought, vid de valuarble vatare privilege?"

The farmer glanced his eye over the paper.

"Yes, sir, with pleasure; if you will be good enough to *get into my boat I will row you out to them!*"

"Vat dat you say, sare?"

"My friend," said the farmer, "this section of Long Island has recently been bought up by the speculators of New York, and laid out for a great city; but the principal street is only visible *at low tide*. When this part of the East river is filled up, it will be just there. Your lots, as you will perceive, are beyond it; and are now all under water."

At first the Frenchman was incredulous. He could not believe his senses. As the facts, however, gradually broke upon him, he shut one eye, squinted obliquely at the heavens—the river—the farmer—and then he turned away and squinted at them all over again! There was his purchase sure enough; but then it could not be perceived for there was a river flowing over it! He drew a box from his waistcoat pocket, opened it, with an emphatic knock upon the lid, took a pinch of snuff and restored it to his waistcoat pocket as before. Poopoo was evidently in trouble, having "thoughts which often lie too deep for tears; and, as his grief was also too big for words, he untied his horse, jumped into his gig, and returned to the auctioneer in hot haste.

It was near night when he arrived at the auction-room—his horse in a foam and himself in a fury. The auctioneer was leaning back in his chair, with his legs stuck out of a low window, quietly smoking his cigar after the labors of the day, and humming the music from the last new opera.

"Monsieur, I have much plaisir to fin you, *chez vous*, at home."

"Ah, Poopoo! glad to see you. Take a seat, old boy."

"But I shall not take de seat, sare."

"No—why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, *beaucoup* de matter. I have been to see de gran lot vot you sell me to-day."

"Well, sir, I hope you like your purchase?"

"No, monsieur, I no like him."

"I'm sorry for it; but there is no ground for your complaint."

"No, sare; dare is no ground at all—de ground is all vatare!"

"You joke!"

"I no joke. I nevare joke; *je n'entends pas la raillerie*. Sare, *roulez vous* have de kindness to give me back de money vot I pay!"

"Certainly not."

"Den will you be so good as to take de East river off de top of my lot?"

"That's your business, sir, not mine."

"Den I make von *mauvaise affaire*—von gran mistake!"

"I hope not. I don't think you have thrown your money away in the *land*."

"No, sare; but I tro it away in de *vatare*!"

"That's not my fault."

"Yes, sare, but it is your fault. You're von ver gran rascal to swindle me out of de *l'argent*."

"Hollo, old Poopoo, you grow personal; and if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, you must go out of my counting-room."

"Vare shall I go to, eh?"

"To the devil, for aught I care, you foolish old Frenchman!" said the auctioneer, waxing warm.

"But, sare, I will not go to de devil to oblige

you!" replied the Frenchman, waxing warmer. "You sheat me out of all de dollar vot I make in Shatham-street; but I will not go to de devil for all dat. I vish you may go to de devil yourself you dem yankee-doo-dell, and I will go and drown myself, *tout de suite*, right away."

"You couldn't make a better use of your water privileges, old boy!"

"Ah, *miséricorde*! Ah, *mon dieu, je suis alané*. I am ruin! I am done up! I am break all into ten sousan leetle pieces! I am von lame duck, and I shall vaddle across de gran ocean for Paris, vish is de only valuarble *vatare* privilege dat is left me *à present*!"

Poor Poopoo was as good as his word. He sailed in the next packet, and arrived in Paris almost as penniless as the day he left it.

Should any one feel disposed to doubt the veritable circumstances here recorded, let him cross the East river to the Wallabout, and farmer J\*\*\*\*\* will *row him out* to the very place where the poor Frenchman's lots still remain *under water*.

## "THE MONOPOLY" AND "THE PEOPLE'S LINE."

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS. 1839.

Nor many years ago, there lived on Long Island, a jolly, well-to-do, honest old Dutchman, who drove a stage from Brooklyn to Jamaica for two dollars a passenger. This had been the charge since Adam was an urchin, or since the time whereof the memory of man "runneth not to the contrary." It was sanctioned by immemorial usage, and had all the crust of antiquity about it. Nobody thought of disputing the matter. It was settled, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and was a thing not to be sacrilegiously meddled with, or altered on any account whatever. The proprietor's great-grandfather had driven the same route, and so had all his other ancestors, and none of them had managed to realize more than enough to make both ends meet when Christmas came round.

In the course of time, travelling increased on the Jamaica turnpike; the Dutchman had his stage full every trip, and began to thrive. But the star of his good fortune, although it had risen clear and unclouded, was not long in the ascendant; for, one fine morning, there came another stage-driver, the owner of a new turn-out, as fine as a fiddle, who put in his claims for patronage.

He was a full-grown stripling, of little credit, but some ready money, and he secretly resolved upon bearing off the palm from the quiet, but covetous Dutchman. At first he demanded the usual rates, and divided the business with his old-established rival; but finding that he had less custom, that he was looked upon as an interloper, and that all faces were set against him, he resolved to cut down the fare to a single dollar—and he did so, greatly to the satisfaction of the applauding multitude.

This was a sad blow to the prospects of the poor old Dutchman, whose carriage was instantly deserted; all the fickle populace instinctively flocking to the glossy vehicle of his adversary, who cracked his whip in high glee as he dashed along the dusty and unpaved streets of Brooklyn. At first, Mynheer did

not know what to make of the matter, so he lighted his pipe, and looked to St. Nicholas for the solution of a mystery altogether too profound for his comprehension. One day, however, a friend unravelled it to him, and suggested the propriety of a reduction also of his price; whereupon the whole truth flashed upon him in the twinkling of an eye, and he instantly resolved, in defiance of the good examples of his forefathers, to numb himself to the insignificant fare of his pestilent competitor. Now all was right again, and things went on as swimmingly as before, until the new-comer again lowered the fare—called his omnibus the "People's Line," and branded his opponent's "The Monopoly;" upon which the Dutchman flew into a violent passion, broke his pipe into a thousand pieces, and swore by all the saints in the calendar, that he would thereafter carry his passengers for nothing! And so strange was his demeanor, flying hither and yonder in a hurricane of hot haste and hotter disdain, that all his neighbors stigmatized him as the "Flying Dutchman;" a name which he has never been able to get clear of to this very hour.

The "People's Line," not in the least disconcerted by this unexpected calamity, also came down to *nothing*! and painted on the panels of the carriage the figure of a fiery old man addressing a multitude, and begging them to ride in his carriage gratis, with the motto,

Nothing can come of nothing; *try again*.

This was evidently intended as a hit at the "Flying Dutchman," who retorted by staining the "Interloper," as he always persisted in designating the "People's Line," with certain Dutch epithets, which respect for our readers prevents us from translating into veritable English. Fierce were the animosities—bitter the feuds—and arduous the struggles that ensued between the belligerents. Long they lasted, and fatal promised to be the consequences to both.

Every expedient was resorted to; but as neither would yield an inch of ground to the other, they both went on, season after season, running the stages at their own expense, and annoying every body who would listen to them, with a full and particular recital of their wrongs, their wrath, and their wranglings. At last, the owner of the "People's Line," fairly wearied out by the obstinacy and perseverance of the redoubtable Dutchman, caused a mammoth handbill to be struck off and posted from the East River to the Atlantic Ocean, in which he stated, in ponderous capital letters, that he would not only carry his passengers for nothing, but that he would actually pay each and every one the sum of twenty-five cents for going! To the unhappy Dutchman this drop was too much; and it effectually did the business for his now unpopular and detested "Monopoly," which was denounced at every tavern by the road side, as a paltry, mean, and "unconstitutional" concern, while the "People's Line" was lauded to the third heavens for its liberality and public spirit. The Flying Dutchman flew no more. His spirit was evidently broken as well as his prospects, and his horses crawled daily to and from Jamaica at a snail's pace, equally unmindful of whip or rein—evidently sympathizing in their master's disappointment and discomfiture. Yet go the Dutchman would—he had become accustomed to the occupation—it was second nature to him; and, as he could not easily overcome the force of habit, he preferred working for nothing and finding himself, to relinquishing the road entirely to his indefatigable annoy. "His shirtless majesty!" as some audacious poet has impertinently called the sovereign people! however, generally gave its countenance and support to its own line, which still kept up its speed and its reputation. It speaks volumes—volumes, did I say? it speaks ten thousand libraries—for the intelligence and good feeling of our locomotive countrymen; and, as faithful chroniclers, we are bound to record the fact, that not a single individual ever applied for the two shillings, that had been so generously and disinterestedly tendered, every one being actually contented with going the whole distance gratis, and with being thanked into the bargain!

One day, however, a long, thin, lank-sided, mahogany-faced downeaster chanced to read the mammoth bill with the ponderous capitals; and without a moment's hesitation, he decided upon bestowing his corporeal substance snugly in the back seat of the "People's Line;" and it so fell out that he was the only passenger.

The down-easter was a talkative, prying, speculative, jimcrack of a fellow, who propounded more questions in a single minute than one could answer in a whole hour; and, in less time than you could say Jack Robinson, he was at the bottom of all the difficulty, and in possession of every particular respecting the rival lines. He was "free of speech and merry;" joked with the proprietor; ridiculed the flying Dutchman, called him a cockalorum, and finally denounced him as an inflated, overgrown, purse-proud capitalist, who advocated a system of exclusive privileges contrary to the spirit of our glorious institutions, and dangerous to the liberties of the country!—and he even went so far as to recommend that a town meeting should be immediately called to put the old blockhead down, and banish him from the sunshine of the public favor for ever!

"I will put him down!" said the driver.

"And he shall stay put, when he is down!" replied Jonathan, with an approving nod of the head.

At the various stopping-places, Jonathan—who was not a member of any of the temperance societies, for those institutions were not founded at the time of which we are writing—to show his good fellowship, but with no other motive, did not scruple to drink sundry villanous bar-room compounds, at the expense of his new acquaintance, who, that day, was so overjoyed to find that the stage of the "Monopoly" was compelled to go the whole route entirely empty, that his hilarity and flow of boisterous humor knew no bounds, and he snapped his fingers, and said he did not care a fig for the expense—not he?

"Here's to the People's Line?" drank Jonathan.

"The People's Line for ever!" shouted the driver.

"And confusion to the Monopoly!" rejoined the down-easter.

"With all my heart!" echoed the friend of the people.

"The Flying Dutchman is deficient in public spirit!" said the landlord, a warlike little fellow, who was a major in the militia.

"Behind the age we live in!" remarked a justice of the peace.

"And he deserves to run the gauntlet from Brooklyn to Jamaica for violating the constitution!" responded all the patriotic inmates of the bar-room.

"I say, mister! you're a fine specimen of a liberal fellow," said Jonathan, as his companion paid the reckoning, resumed the ribands, and touched up the leaders gaily. "You deserve encouragement, and you shall have it. I promise it to you, my lad," continued he, as he slapped the "People's Line" on the shoulder like an old and familiar friend, "and that's enough. The Flying Dutchman, forsooth! why, he's a hundred years at least behind the grand march of improvement, and, as he will never be able to overtake it, I shall henceforward look upon him as a mere abstract circumstance, unworthy of the least regard or notice."

Jonathan weighed every word of the last sentence before he pronounced it, for he was, upon the whole, rather a cute chap, and had no notion of letting his friendship for the one party involve him in a law-suit for a libel on the other.

The overjoyed proprietor thanked him heartily for his good wishes, and for the expression of his contempt for the old "Monopoly," and the lumbering vehicle thundered on toward Jamaica.

Arrived, at last, at the termination of the journey, the driver unharnessed the horses, watered them, and put them up for the night. When he turned to take his own departure, however, he observed that Jonathan, who, after all said and done, candor compels us to acknowledge, had rather a hang-dog sort of look, seemed fidgety and discontented; that he lingered about the stable, and followed him like a shadow wherever he bent his steps.

"Do you stop in this town, or do you go further?" asked the driver.

"I shall go further, when you settle the trifle you owe me," replied Jonathan, with a peculiar knowing, but serious expression.

"That I owe you?"

"Yes—is there not something between us?"

"Not that I know of."

"Why, mister, what a short mem'ry you've got—you should study mnemonics, to put you in mind of your engagements."

"What do you mean? There must be some mistake?"

"Oh! but there's no mistake at all," said Jonathan, as he pulled a handbill from his pocket, unfolded it with care, and smoothed it out upon the table. It was the identical mammoth handbill with the ponderous capitals.



"That's what I mean. Look there, Mr. People's Line. There I have you, large as life—and no mistake whatever. That's your note of hand—it's a fair business transaction—and I will trouble you for the twenty-five cents, in less than no time; so shell it out, you 'tarnal crittur."

"My christian friend, allow me to explain, if you please. I confess that it's in the bill; but, bless your simple soul, nobody ever thinks of asking me for it."

"Did you ever!" ejaculated Jonathan. "Now, that's what I call cutting it a leetle too fat! but it's nothing to me. I attend to nobody's affairs but my own; and if other people are such ninnyhammers, as to forgive you the debt, that's no reason why I should follow their bad example. Here are your conditions, and I want the mopuses. A pretty piece of business, truly, to endeavor to do your customers out of their just and legal demands in this manner. But I can't afford to lose the amount, and I won't!—What! haven't I freely given you my patronage—liberally bestowed upon you the pleasure of my company, and consequently afforded you a triumph over that narrow-contracted 'Monopoly?' and now you refuse to comply with your terms of travel, and pay me my money, you ungrateful varmint, you! Come, mister, it's no use putting words together in this way. I'll expose you to 'old Monopoly' and everybody else, if you don't book-

up like an honest fellow; and I won't leave the town until I'm satisfied."

"You won't?"

"No."

"Are you serious?"

"Guess you'll find I am."

"And you *will* have the money?"

"As sure as you stand there?"

"What, the twenty-five cents?"

"Every fraction of it."

"And you won't go away without it?"

"Not if I stay here till doomsday; and you know the consequence of detaining me against my will."

"What is it?"

"I'll swinge you, you *pyson serpent*, you!"

"You'll what?"

"I'll sue you for damages."

"You will?"

"Yes; I'll law you to death sooner than be defrauded out of my property in this manner; so, down with the dust, and no more grumbling about it."

The bewildered and crest-fallen proprietor, perceiving from Jonathan's tone and manner, that all remonstrance would be in vain, and that he was irrevocably fixed in his determination to extract twenty-five cents from his already exhausted coffers, at length slowly and reluctantly put into his hand the bit of silver coin representing that amount of the circulating medium.

Jonathan, we blush to say, took the money, and what is more, he put it into his pocket; and, what is moreover, he positively buttoned it up, as if to "make assurance doubly sure," and to guard it against the possibility of escape.

"Mister," said he, after he had gone coolly through the ceremony, looking all the while as innocently as a man who has just performed a virtuous action; "mister, I say, you must not think that I set any more value on the insignificant trifle you have paid me, than any other gentleman: a twenty-five cent piece, after all, is hardly worth disputing about—it's only a quarter of a dollar—which any industrious person may earn in half an hour, if he chooses—the merest trifle in the world—a poor little scoundrel of a coin, that I would not, under other circumstances, touch with a pair of tongs—and which I would scorn to take even now—if it were not for the principle of the thing! To show you, however, that I entertain a high respect for the "People's Line," that I wish old cockalorum to the devil, and that I do not harbor the slightest ill-will toward you for so unjustifiably withholding my legal demands, the next time I come this way again, I will unquestionably give you stage the preference—unless the "Flying Dutchman" holds out greater inducements than you do, in which case, I rather calculate I shall feel myself in duty bound to encourage him!"

Since the veritable circumstances here related, the Jamaica railroad has entirely superseded the necessity of both the "Monopoly" and the "People's Line" of stages, and their public-spirited proprietors, after making a prodigious noise in the world, have retired under the shade of their laurels, deep into the recesses of private life. There we shall leave them, to enjoy whatever satisfaction may be gathered from the proud consolation of having expended every farthing they were worth in the world, for the gratification of a public that has long ago forgotten they ever existed!